

THE COMIC MAGAZINE THAT DARED TO BE DIFFERENT!

PDC

DAREDEVIL

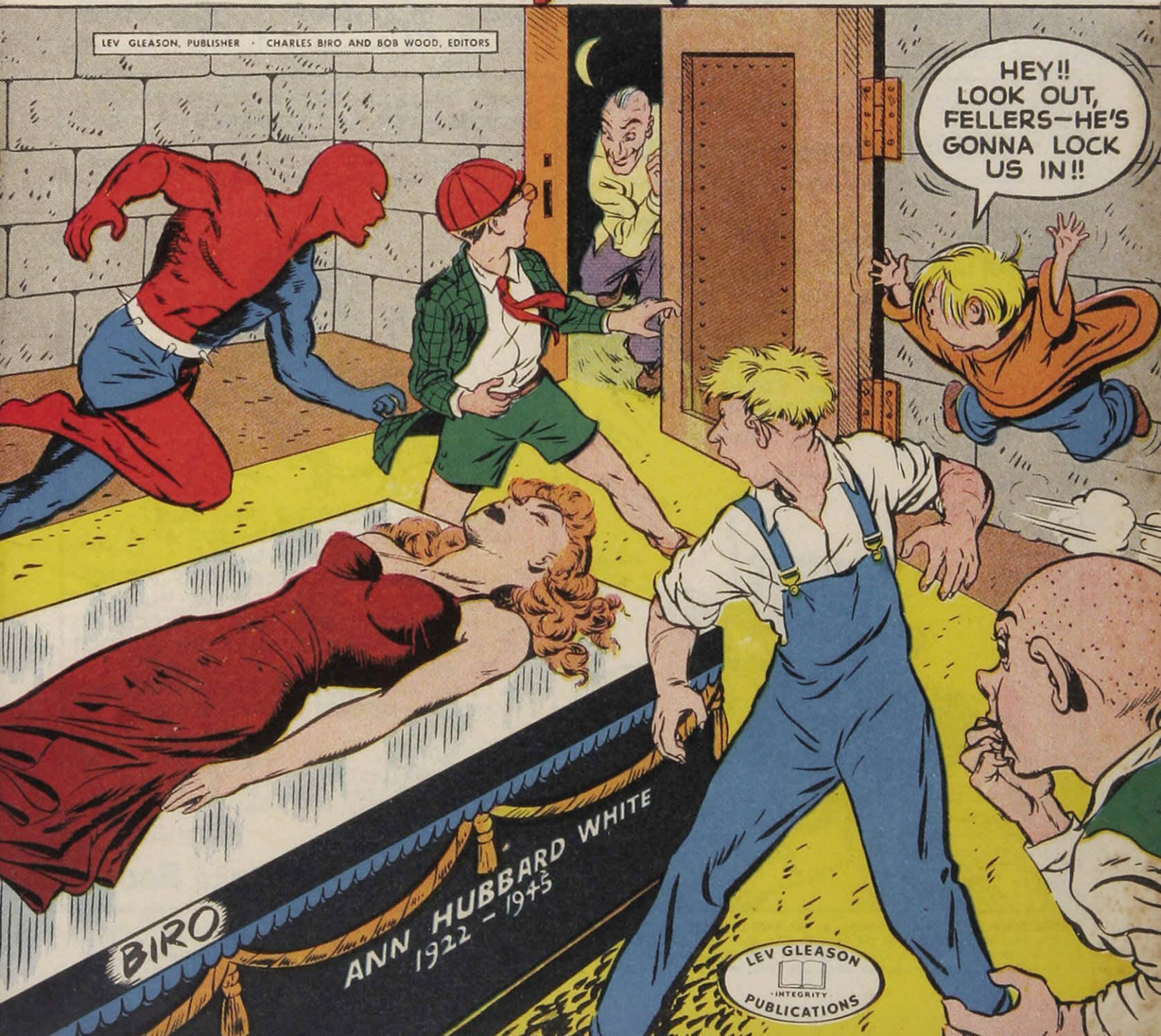


NO. 30

The Greatest Name in Comics

10¢

LEV GLEASON, PUBLISHER · CHARLES BIRO AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS



HEY!!
LOOK OUT,
FELLERS—HE'S
GONNA LOCK
US IN!!

BIRO
ANN HUBBARD WHITE
1922 - 1945

LEV GLEASON
INTEGRITY
PUBLICATIONS



WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



PUT THESE "REMINDER STAMPS" TO WORK HELPING YOU FIGHT WASTE IN YOUR HOME

THESE ARE THE OFFICIAL "FIGHT WASTE" STAMPS.....



1. CONSERVE EVERYTHING YOU USE!
2. BUY ONLY WHAT IS NECESSARY!
3. SALVAGE WHAT YOU DON'T NEED!
4. SHARE WHAT YOU HAVE!

THIS WASTES FUEL...



Fight Waste



Fight Waste



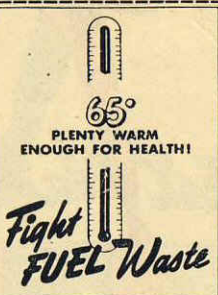
Fight Waste



Fight Waste



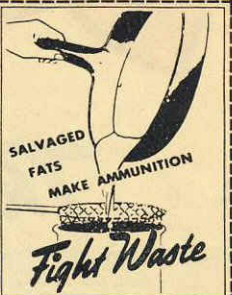
Fight Waste



Fight FUEL Waste



Fight Waste



Fight Waste

AMERICA'S MOST DARING MAGAZINE--

"CRIME does not pay"

CONTINUES TO STARTLE THE NATION--

DON'T MISS

THE NEXT ISSUE OUT **SOON!**

featuring--

"KING KILLER OF THE MOHAWK"

"BLONDE QUEEN OF CRIME"

"CASE OF THE TELLTALE WATCH"

"THE CRIME OF TERRY ALMODOVAR"

"CASE OF THE MISSING PANTS"

and many other **TRUE CRIME STORIES!!**

W W W



WHAT TERROR GRIPS THE HEARTS OF **CRIMEBUSTER** AND **SQUEEKS** AS THEIR EYES FASTEN UPON THE GREATEST MYSTERY THAT HAS EVER CHALLENGED THE MIND OF MAN?



There are QUESTIONS THAT MUST AND WILL BE ANSWERED--BUT AT A TERRIFIC PRICE!

- #1. WHY WAS THE DIRELECT SHIP FLOUNDERING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE PACIFIC?
- #2. WHO AND WHERE WERE THE CREW?
- #3. WILL **CRIMEBUSTER** HAVE THE COURAGE TO BOARD HER AND INVESTIGATE?
- #4. WILL **CRIMEBUSTER** HEED **SQUEEKS'** ANIMAL INSTINCT OF THE DANGER?

These ANY MANY OTHER BAFFLING QUESTIONS WILL ALL BE ANSWERED IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF

BOY

COMICS

on your newsstand **SOON!**

DAREDEVIL

STEP UP, STEP UP, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN - PRESENTING FOR THE FIRST TIME, THE GREAT LUCASTA - SEES ALL - KNOWS ALL! HE IS THE GREATEST CHALLENGE TO LAW AND ORDER EVER ENCOUNTERED BY DAREDEVIL AND THE LITTLE WISE GUYS!!

GRIFFIN CARNIVAL
COME ONE
COME ALL



by
Charles
BIRO



HEY, WAIT UP FER ME, FELLERS!

HURRY UP, PEE WEE! WE DON'T WANT TO MISS ANY OF THE SHOW!



WANDER AROUND AS YOU WISH, BUT REMEMBER, WE ALL MEET IN FRONT OF THE MAIN TENT!

YOU BET! LET'S GO!

BETCHA DON'T DARE GO ON THE LOOP THE LOOP, CURLY!



GRIFFIN HAS QUITE A SHOW HERE! EVEN A WAR CAN'T KILL THE LIFE BLOOD OF A CARNIVAL!

the LUCASTERS
MASTERS OF PAST AND FUTURE



SAME OLD SONG AND DANCE-GYPSIES AND MYSTERIES... A FORTUNE FOR FIFTY CENTS!

the LUCASTERS
MASTERS OF PAST AND FUTURE



**TRY YOUR SKILL!
IN A PRIZE!**



SAY, YOU'RE DAREDEVIL, AINTCHA—THE BIG SHOT WHO CATCHES ALL THE BIG BAD CROOKS? PRETTY SMART, AINT'CHA!

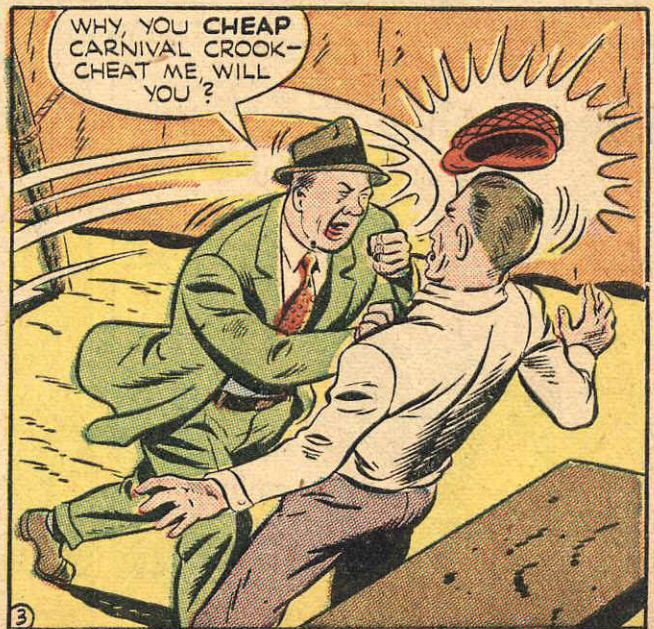
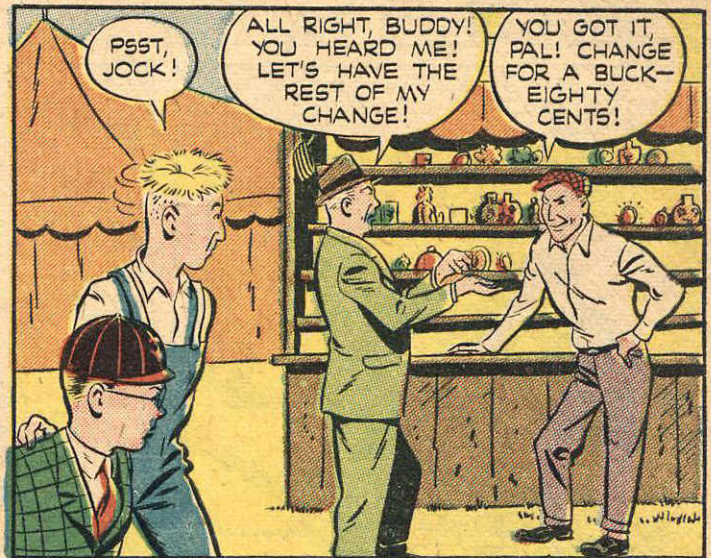
NO..O..O JUST AVERAGE, SON!



SAYS YOU!! IF YOU'RE SO GOOD, KNOCK THEM BOTTLES OFF THE STAND!

COULD BE!

**TRY YOUR SKILL!
WIN A PRIZE!**





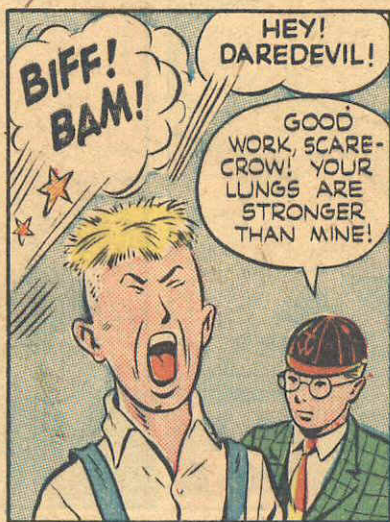
RUBE!!
HEY!!
RUBE!!



HEY
RUBE!



WATCH OUT, SCARECROW!
THAT'S THE CIRCUS CRY
FOR HELP! A RIOT'S
LIABLE TO
BREAK
LOOSE!



BIFF!
BAM!

HEY!
DAREDEVIL!

GOOD
WORK, SCARE-
CROW! YOUR
LUNGS ARE
STRONGER
THAN MINE!



SCARECROW!
NOW WHAT'S
HE GOTTEN
INTO?



OUT OF THE
WAY! LET US
GET AT
HIM!

HE'S LOOKIN'
FOR TROUBLE,
AN' HE'S
GONNA
GET IT!

HOLD IT!
HOLD IT!
THE ODDS
ARE A LIT-
TLE UNEVEN
NO MATTER
WHAT HE'S
DONE!



...AND THEN THE
GUY JUST GAVE ME
CHANGE FROM
A DOLLAR! DO
YOU BLAME
ME?

IF THERE'S ANY CHEAT-
ING GOING ON, THE
POLICE SHOULD KNOW
ABOUT IT! YOU'D
BETTER SEE THEM. I'LL
GO DOWN LATER,
AND TELL WHAT
I'VE SEEN!



WHAT'S ALL THE MESS ABOUT, POP?

AW, THEY'RE PROBABLY THROWING SOME DRUNK OUT! GET INSIDE AND WE'LL STRAIGHTEN UP THE RECEIPTS!



WHATCHA TAKE IN TODAY? PUT IT UP!

HERE IT IS—EIGHTEEN DOLLARS!

I HAD A LOUSY DAY—JUST TWELVE BUCKS!



THIRTY BUCKS, AND GRIFFIN GETS HALF OF IT! I'M FED UP WITH GIVING HIM FIFTY PER CENT! WHERE'S JESSICA AND HER MONEY?

SHE HASN'T COME BACK FROM THE TRINKET STAND!



WELL, WHEN SHE DOES POCKET HER DOUGH! OLD MAN GRIFFITH IS GETTING CUT IN ON WHAT I FEEL LIKE GIVING HIM!



COME ON IN, MOOSE! HOW'D YOU DO TODAY?

NOT SO GOOD, GRIFFIN! HERE YOU ARE!

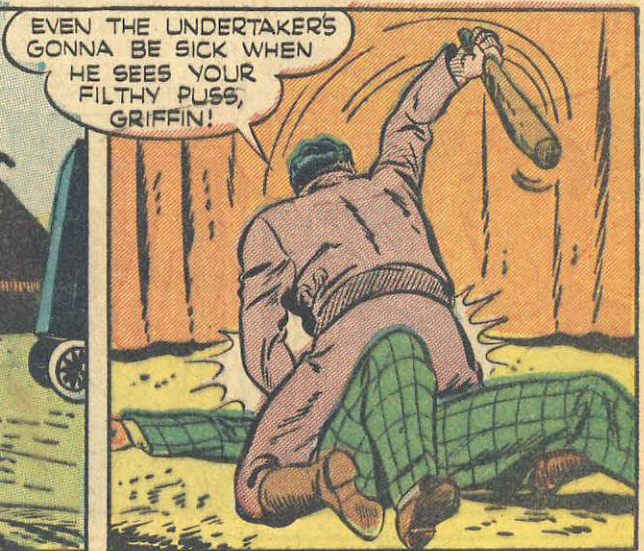


WHAT'S THIS? TEN BUCKS... STOP JOKING, MOOSE!

LISTEN, GRIFFIN, I GOTTA HAVE A LARGER CUT! I CAN'T RUN A FAMILY AND STILL GIVE YOU HALF A TAKE! FROM NOW ON, YOU ONLY GET A THIRD!



WHY, YOU TWO-BIT GYPSY—IF IT WASN'T FER ME, YOU'D STARVE TO DEATH! GIVE ME THE REST OF THE CASH—FAST!





HEY, POP!
WHAT'S GOT
INTO YOU?

I THOUGHT
WE WERE
DOING O.K.
IN THIS
SHOW!

YOU'RE
NEVER
SATISFIED!

SHUT
YOUR TRAPS
'AN' STEP
ON IT!



I COULDN'T TELL FOR SURE WHETHER
IT WAS A SHORT CHANGE OR NOT, CHIEF!
FRANKLY, THE OUTFIT APPEARS
MIGHTY SUS-
PICIOUS!

WELL, WE CAN'T
PROSECUTE THEM
WITHOUT
PROOF!



WE'LL JUST
HAVE TO— SUFFER—
IN NANNAY!
WHAT'S THIS?

WE
FOUND
HIM AT THE
CARNIVAL! HE
INSISTED UPON
COMIN' HERE
FROM THE
EMERGENCY
WARD!



HIS NAME'S GRIFFIN!
TAKE IT EASY! THE
DOC TOOK ONE 150
STITCHES IN YOUR
FACE!

M...MOOSE..HE
DID..IT..WANTED
MORE DOUGH..
GOT..TO..GET
HIM..



DON'T WORRY, GRIFFIN!
WE'LL FIND HIM! NOW
YOU GO BACK TO THE
HOSPITAL! YOU'RE IN
BAD SHAPE!

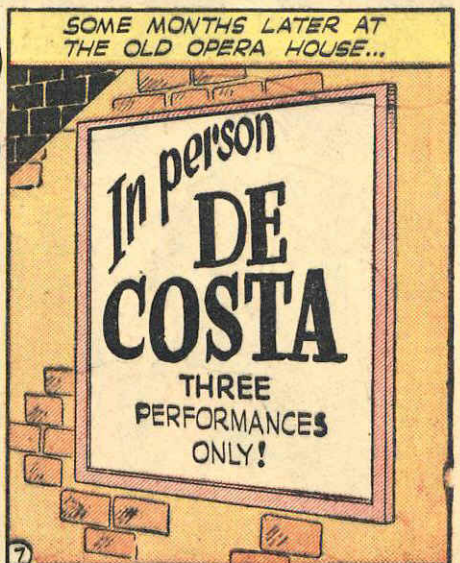


CAN YOU BEAT
THAT! HE'S MORE
DEAD THAN ALIVE!
KNOW ANYTHING
ABOUT IT?

NOT MUCH! HE OWNS
THE CARNIVAL! GUESS
THIS MOOSE WAS ONE
OF THE PERSONS IN
THE GYPSY TENT!



MOOSE MUST
HAVE HATED HIM
A LOT TO HAND
HIM SUCH A
TERRIBLE BEAT-
ING! I WONDER
WHAT'S BEHIND
IT!



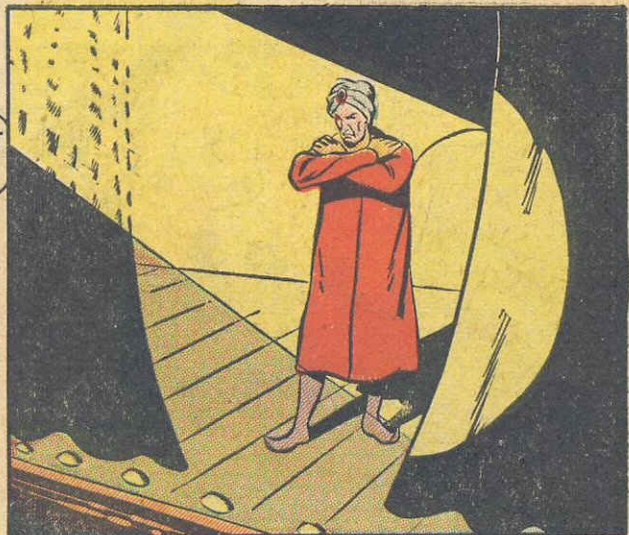
SOME MONTHS LATER AT
THE OLD OPERA HOUSE...

In person
**DE
COSTA**
THREE
PERFORMANCES
ONLY!



THEY SAY HE'S JUST TOO ASTONISHING! WHY, HE EVEN READS YOUR MIND! DO YOU THINK IT'S POSSIBLE?

NO, NOT EXACTLY, BUT HE MUST BE VERY CLEVER!



SILENCE, PLEASE... YOU WILL ALL BE VERY QUIET NOW... WHEN ONE LOOKS INTO THE PAST AND FUTURE, IT IS VERY NECESSARY THAT THOSE PRIVILEGED TO SEE REMAIN MOST STILL!



AH, HOW I WISH YOU COULD SEE AS I DO MANY, MANY CENTURIES PAST— TO THE DAYS OF CLEOPATRA AND MARK ANTONY.. AND IN THE FUTURE, TOO. AH.. THAT OF COURSE IS WHAT YOU WISH TO KNOW ABOUT... THE PAST YOU CAN READ.. OH..



WAIT!... YOUR UTMOST ATTENTION, PLEASE! MESSAGE OF ALARM. COMES... A CAR IS BEING TRIFLED WITH! THE LICENSE NUMBER IS... X... 13827...



THAT'S MY CAR!

GO QUICKLY BEFORE IT IS STOLEN... HURRY!



GOODNESS!

FANTASTIC!

DO YOU SUPPOSE HE KNOWS THAT?

BUT HOW COULD HE?

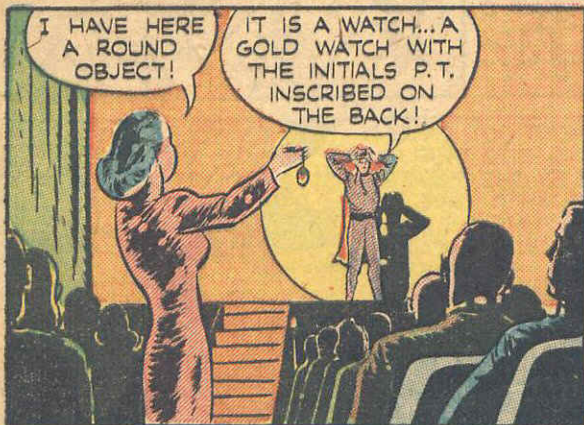


THERE IS SOMEONE! HEY, YOU, COME BACK! POLICE!

STAGE DOOR



WHILE WE ARE WAITING FOR OUR UNFORTUNATE FRIEND TO RETURN, I WILL INDULGE IN SOME MIND READING FOR YOU!



I HAVE HERE A ROUND OBJECT!

IT IS A WATCH...A GOLD WATCH WITH THE INITIALS P.T. INSCRIBED ON THE BACK!



YOU HOLD A HAT CHECK IN YOUR HAND!... NUMBER TWELVE...IT IS A DERBY BELONGING TO A MIDDLE AGED MAN...A FREDERICK HOLMES! NEXT...

FANTASTIC!!



EXIT

GREAT HEAVENS! HE WAS RIGHT! SOMEONE WAS TRYING TO JIMMY MY CAR DOOR!



OF COURSE, MY FRIEND...AND NOW, ONCE AGAIN SILENCE.. ANOTHER ALARM IS COMING THROUGH THE ETHER!



MRS. ALEXANDER M. CHARLES..I WOULD ADVISE YOU CALLING YOUR MAID IMMEDIATELY! I BELIEVE YOUR ELECTRIC IRON IS ON..NO, IT IS YOUR KITCHEN GAS.. HURRY!



HORRORS! AFTER WHAT I'VE SEEN.. I..I DO BELIEVE IT'S TRUE!

WHY, THAT'S THE SOCIALLY PROMINENT MRS. CHARLES. I THOUGHT THIS MIGHT BE A GAME WITH CONFEDERATES, BUT IT CAN'T BE WITH HER!





I REALLY DON'T KNOW WHETHER I SHOULD COME HERE..TEE HEE..BUT REALLY YOU WERE SO POSITIVELY AMAZING, I HAD TO SEE YOU, MR. DE COSTA! WILL YOU GIVE ME A PRIVATE HEARING?

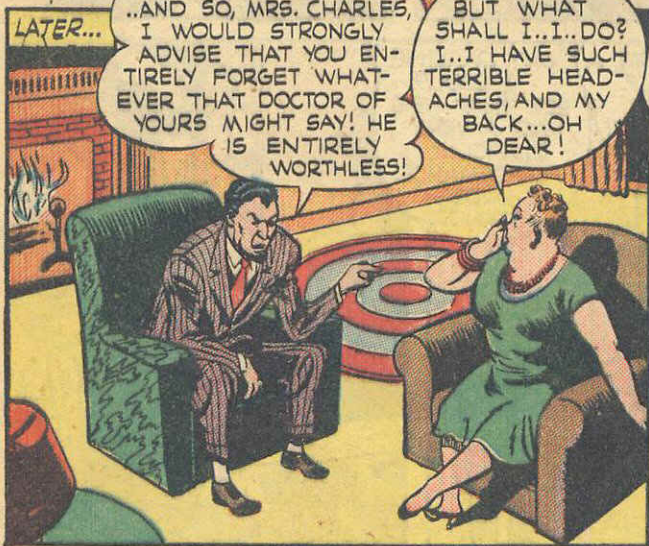


AH, MY DEAR MRS. CHARLES, THAT IS SOMETHING I HAVE REFRAINED FROM DOING! HOWEVER, IN YOUR CASE...

OH, THANK YOU! THANK YOU... WHERE CAN WE HAVE IT?



I THINK IT BEST THAT YOU COME TO MY HOME! I FIND I MEDITATE BEST THERE! SHALL WE SAY THIS VERY EVENING?



LATER...

..AND SO, MRS. CHARLES, I WOULD STRONGLY ADVISE THAT YOU ENTIRELY FORGET WHATEVER THAT DOCTOR OF YOURS MIGHT SAY! HE IS ENTIRELY WORTHLESS!

BUT WHAT SHALL I..I..DO? I..I HAVE SUCH TERRIBLE HEAD-ACHES, AND MY BACK...OH DEAR!



YOU SHALL GO TO THE SEASHORE BY THE LIGHT OF THE FULL MOON AND DRINK SALT WATER FROM A SILVER SPOON! IT IS THE ONLY REMEDY!



OH, DEAR, DEAR! YOU'RE SO WONDERFUL! WHAT WILL YOU ACCEPT FOR YOUR DIVINE ADVICE?

MY DEAR MRS. CHARLES.. ANYTHING! WHATEVER YOU HAVE TO OFFER WILL BE GRACIOUSLY ACCEPTED FOR THE CAUSE, OF COURSE! GOOD NIGHT!



SLAM!



OH, IT'S YOU! YOU HAVE A GUEST!

YES, FATHER. I WOULD LIKE TO HAVE YOU MEET MR. GODFREY!



GOOD EVENING, MR. GODFREY, AH, WELCOME, WELCOME AND.. ER..WHAT IS YOUR BUSINESS, MAY I ASK?

CERTAINLY, SIR! I'M A DETECTIVE..A PRIVATE DETECTIVE!



EXCUSE ME, SIR! PLEASE COME WITH ME, JESSICA, AT ONCE!

WHY, OF COURSE, FATHER!



WHY, YOU FOOL! YOU IMBECILE! YOU BROUGHT THIS MAN HERE..HERE INTO MY HOME! GET HIM OUT!

FATHER! FATHER! PLEASE!



FATHER'S A LITTLE UPSET TONIGHT!

WHY, DARLING I COULD SEE THAT HE'S HAD A VERY DIFFICULT PERFORMANCE! I UNDERSTAND!



GET AWAY!! WHAT ARE YOU?

YOU DON'T RECOGNIZE ME, MOOSE? IT'S NOT A PRETTY FACE, THANKS, TO YOU! I'M GRIFFIN, AND I'M GOING TO KILL YOU!



WHAT'S THAT?

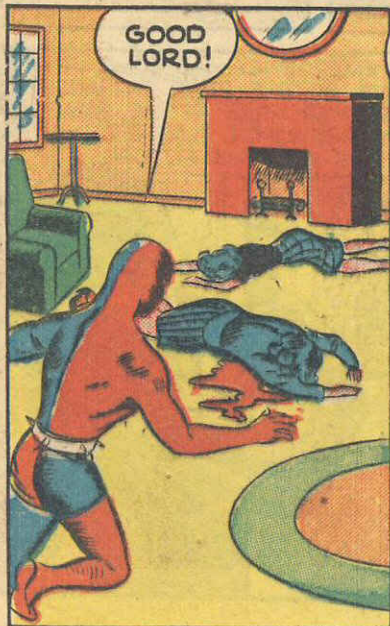
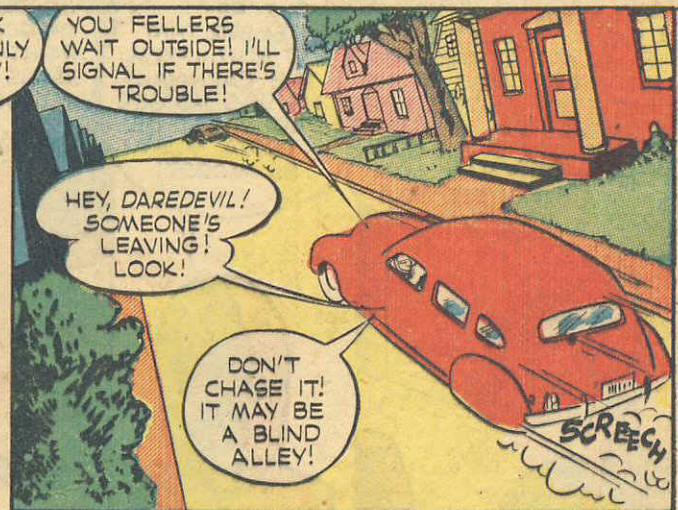
GOOD HEAVENS!

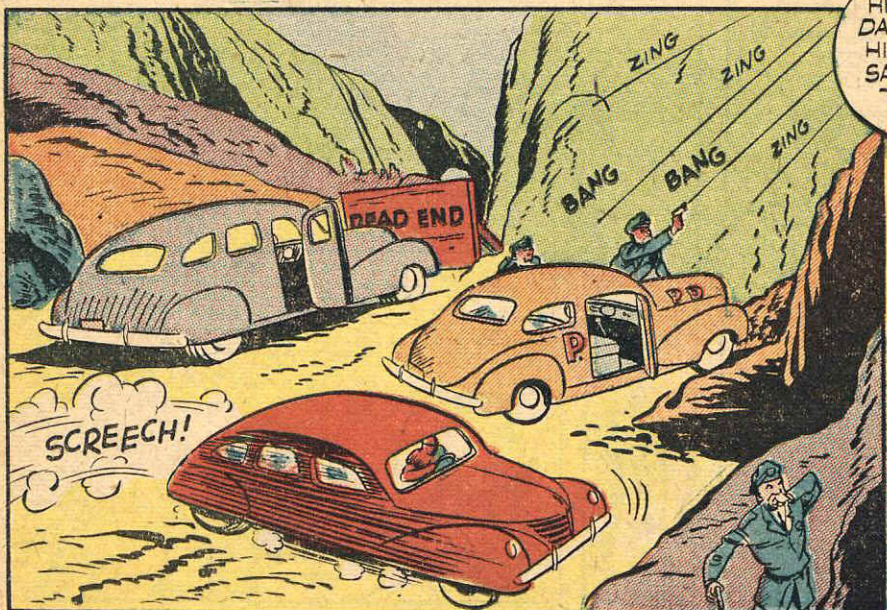
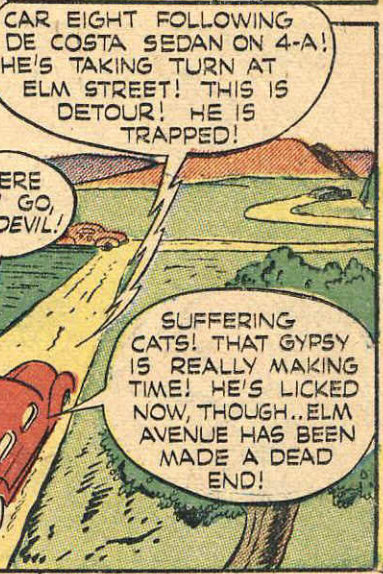
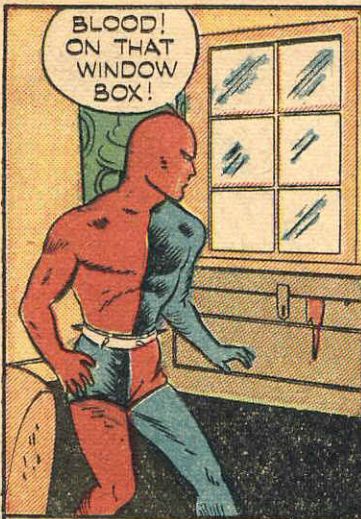


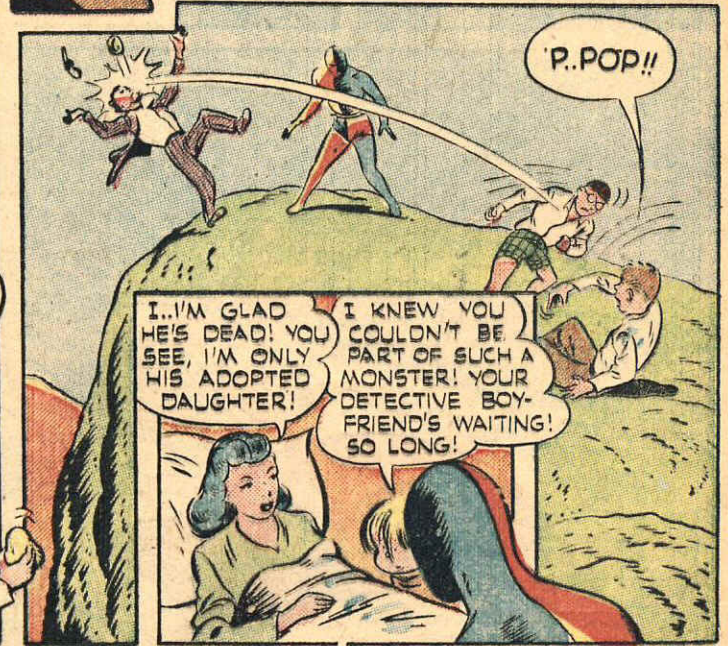
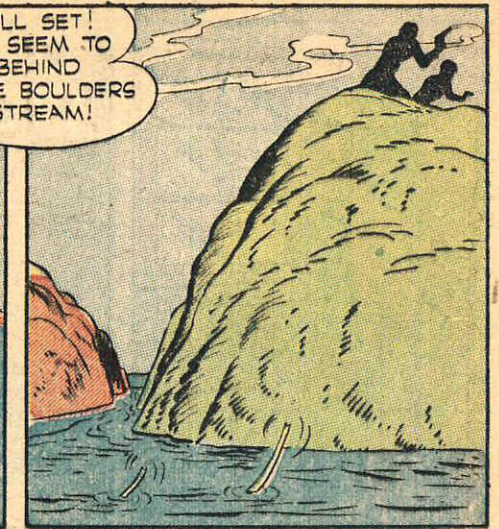
MR. DE COSTA! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? WE HEARD A SHOT..AN..!

IT'S ALL RIGHT! GO AWAY! I HAD AN ACCIDENT CLEANING MY GUN! GOOD NIGHT!





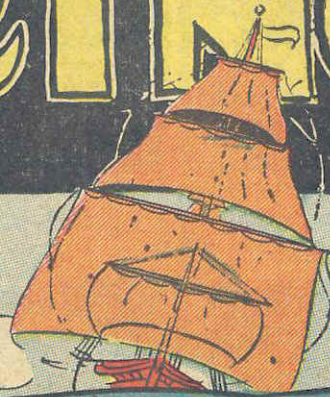




PIRATE

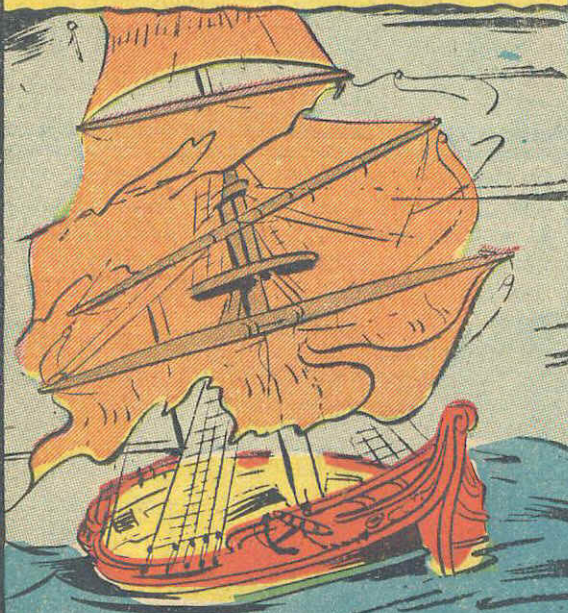
The

PRINCE



by DICK
BRIEFER

Something GOSH-AWFUL IS HAPPENING
TO THE "PIRATE PRINCE'S SHIP.



I GET ME A FINE
NEW BRIG AND
THIS IS WHAT
HAPPENS! THE
STORM OF STORMS!

IT'S A
BEWITCHED
SHIP!



IT'S A BAD SIGN,
PRINCE!! EVER
SINCE WE BROKE
OUT OF PORT WE'VE
HAD BAD LUCK!

FURL THE T'GANTS'!!!
IT'S THE LAST BIT OF
CANVAS WE HAVE!!



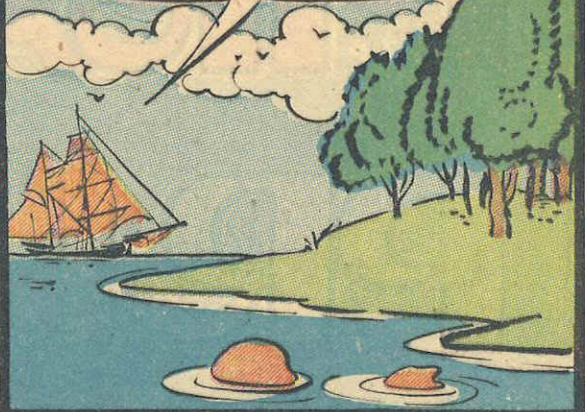
At last, THE STORM ABATES AND THE PIRATE PRINCE SURVEYS THE SHIP.

NOT BAD, I SAY! WE LOST MOST OF OUR SAILS AND ONLY ONE SPAR. WHEN WE SIGHT LAND WE'LL GO ASHORE AND GET A STICK FOR A NEW ONE.

DON'T FORGET ALL MY MARBLES ROLLED AWAY, DON'T FORGET.



THERE'S LAND, LADS. THE SHIP WILL NEED ALL HANDS TO RE-RIG HER, SO I'LL GO ASHORE AND FIND A STRAIGHT TIMBER.



HELP!! SAVE ME!! I'M DYING!!

SOMEBODY'S IN TROUBLE!

OUCH!

OHH!

OW!

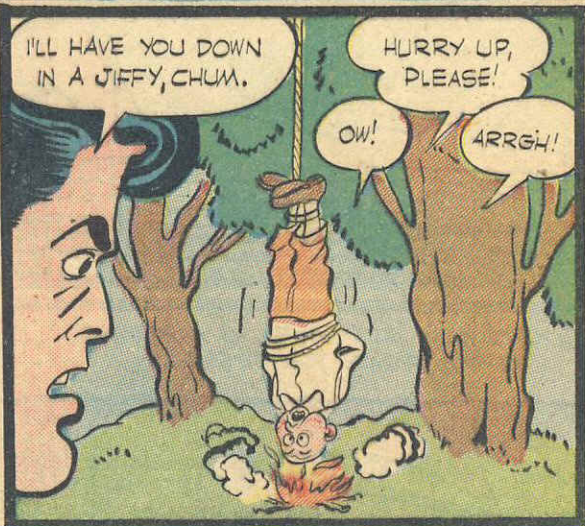


I'LL HAVE YOU DOWN IN A JIFFY, CHUM.

HURRY UP, PLEASE!

OW!

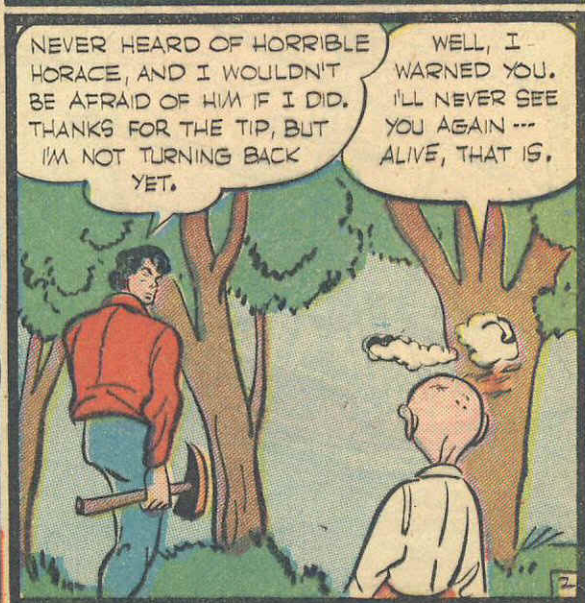
ARRGH!



THANKS, PAL. I WAS IN A TIGHT SPOT THERE. YOU'RE A STRANGER, AREN'T YOU? WELL, I'D ADVISE YOU TO GET OFF THIS LAND, I GUESS YOU NEVER HEARD OF HORRIBLE HORACE, THE SLICKEST CUT-THROAT IN THE WORLD. HE RULES THIS LAND WITH HIS KNIFE AND GUN. HE'S THE ONE THAT FIXED ME UP LIKE THIS. GO HOME! GOOD-BYE! CAN I COME WITH YOU?

NEVER HEARD OF HORRIBLE HORACE, AND I WOULDN'T BE AFRAID OF HIM IF I DID. THANKS FOR THE TIP, BUT I'M NOT TURNING BACK YET.

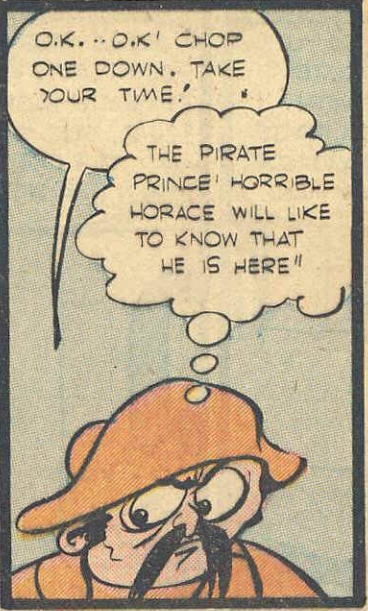
WELL, I WARNED YOU. I'LL NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN --- ALIVE, THAT IS.





I'M THE CONSTABULE HERE, AND I NEVER SAW YOU BEFORE. WHO ARE YOU AND WHAT DO YOU WANT?

NO TROUBLE, YOUR HONOR. I'M THE PIRATE PRINCE, AND ALL I WANT IS A NEW SPAR FOR MY SHIP.



O.K. ... O.K! CHOP ONE DOWN. TAKE YOUR TIME!

THE PIRATE PRINCE 'HORRIBLE HORACE' WILL LIKE TO KNOW THAT HE IS HERE!!



HORRIBLE HORACE!! THE PIRATE PRINCE IS IN THE VICINITY!!



SO THE PIRATE PRINCE IS HERE, EH? WELL, WELL! I WILL FINALLY MEET HIM AND HAVE THE PLEASURE OF KILLING HIM. SEND HIM TO ME!



YOU WANT TO SEE ME, HORRIBLE HORACE? FROM WHAT I HAVE HEARD, I DON'T WISH TO BE BOTHERED BY YOU

OH, NOW--YOU MUST HAVE BEEN MISINFORMED! I'M REALLY A KIND FELLOW.

M'LORD--I AM SORRY--I COOKED YOUR EGGS A TRIFLE TOO LONG.



COOKED MY EGGS A TRIFLE TOO LONG, EH? WELL, TAKE THIS!

YOU SEE, PRINCE, I'M NOT A BAD FELLOW. I COULD HAVE TORTURED HER TO DEATH INSTEAD OF THIS HUMANE METHOD.

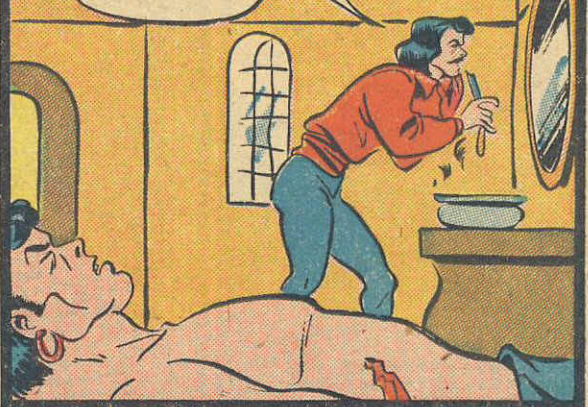


YOU KNOW, PIRATE PRINCE, YOU LOOKED VERY FAMILIAR WHEN YOU WALKED IN. AND NOW I KNOW WHO YOU REMIND ME OF! ME! WHY, BEFORE I GREW THIS BEARD AND LONG HAIR, I LOOKED JUST LIKE YOU--AND THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!!

YOU'LL BE DEAD IN A SHORT WHILE, SO I'LL TELL YOU MY PLAN. YOU MUST HAVE QUITE A LARGE FORTUNE ON YOUR SHIP, WHAT WITH LIFTING ALL THE GOLD AND JEWELS FROM PIRATE SHIPS. I'M GOING TO GET IT, BUT I'LL ADMIT YOUR CREW IS PROBABLY TOO TOUGH FOR MY MEN TO HANDLE.



SO I'LL WEAR YOUR CLOTHES, SHAVE MY BEARD, CUT MY HAIR, AND I'LL LOOK JUST LIKE YOU! THEN, I CAN GO ABOARD YOUR BOAT, TAKE THE TREASURE ASHORE, AND YOUR CREW WILL BE NONE THE WISER!

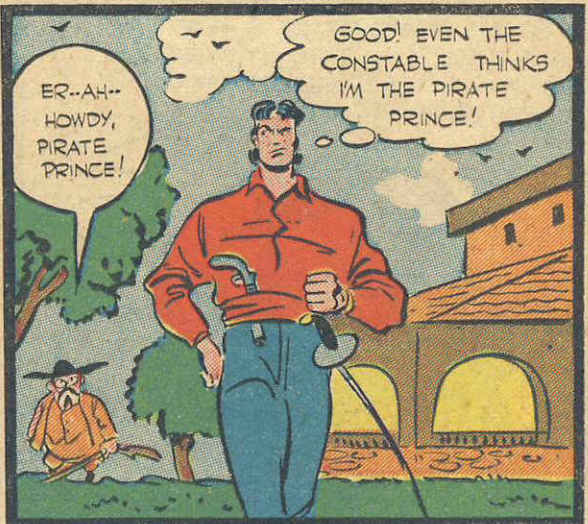


THEY WON'T COME TO LOOK FOR ME BECAUSE I'LL TELL THEM I'M STAYING ASHORE AND THEY SHOULD SAIL ON WITHOUT ME. CHEERIO, PIRATE PRINCE... HAPPY DYING!



ER--AH--
HOWDY,
PIRATE
PRINCE!

GOOD! EVEN THE
CONSTABLE THINKS
I'M THE PIRATE
PRINCE!



OOHHH-- THAT BULLET GOT ME-- BUT I DON'T THINK IT'S TOO BAD... YET---



I'VE GOT TO STOP HORRIBLE HORACE BEFORE I PASS OUT!





HE TOOK MY CLOTHES --CAN'T GO AROUND WITH NO CLOTHES--HAVE TO PUT HIS ON..



SAY!



ALL HIS HAIR HE CUT OFF --LYING RIGHT HERE --IF I COULD PASTE IT ON-- SURE!! IF HE CAN LOOK LIKE ME, I CAN LOOK LIKE HIM!



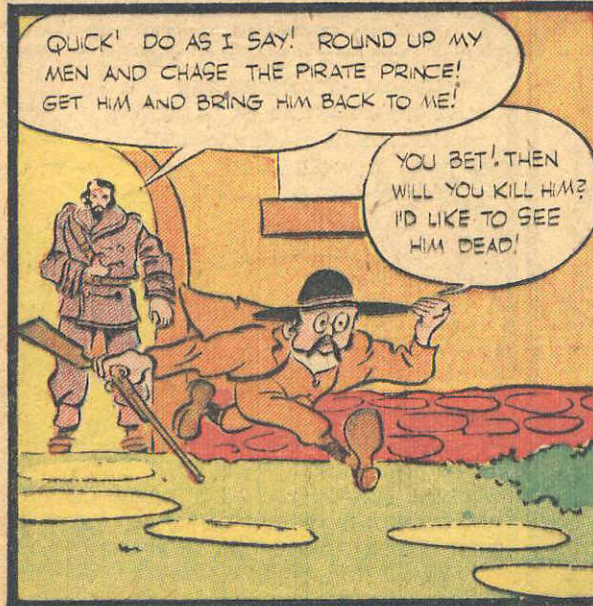
THERE! NOW IF I CAN STAY ON MY FEET LONG ENOUGH..



ER--AH--HOWDY, HORRIBLE HORACE. HOW COME YOU DIDN'T KILL THE PIRATE PRINCE?

EVEN THE CONSTABLE THINKS I'M HORRIBLE HORACE! GOOD!!

IDIOT!! CAN'T YOU SEE? HE SHOT ME!! HE GOT AWAY!



QUICK! DO AS I SAY! ROUND UP MY MEN AND CHASE THE PIRATE PRINCE! GET HIM AND BRING HIM BACK TO ME!

YOU BET! THEN WILL YOU KILL HIM? I'D LIKE TO SEE HIM DEAD!



COME ON, MEN! AFTER THE PIRATE PRINCE!! HE SHOT HORRIBLE HORACE! GET HIM BEFORE HE ESCAPES!

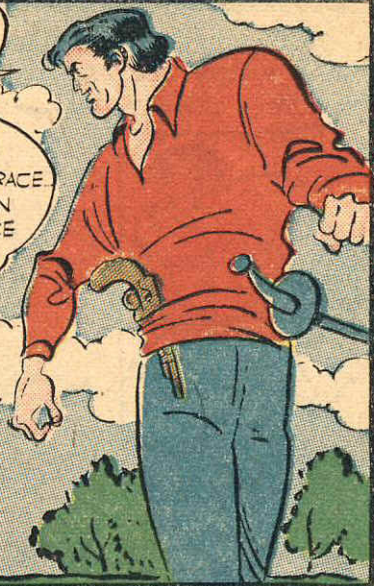
THERE HE IS, GUYS!!
POUNCE ON HIM!!



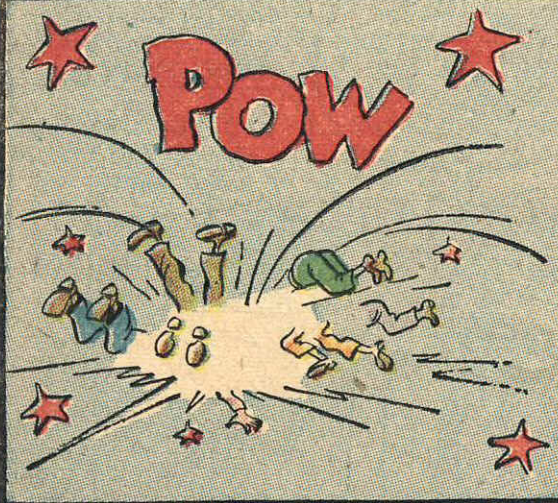
OH, HELLO
FELLOWS!!

LET'S NOT TAKE
HIM BACK TO HORACE.
LET'S KILL HIM ON
THE SPOT! HORACE
WILL BE PROUD
OF US!

YEAH!



POW



HELP!
OW!

HE'S GETTING
WHAT HE DESERVES,
I SUPPOSE.



I DON'T FEEL SO BAD NOW,
THE WOUND'S STOPPED BLEED-
ING, SO I GUESS NONE OF
MY VITAL INNERS ARE HIT.
THE SURGEON ON SHIP
WILL FIX ME UP.



THAT'S THAT!
WILL HORRIBLE
HORACE BE GLAD
TO HEAR WHAT WE
DID TO THE PIRATE
PRINCE WITH OUR
BARE HANDS AND
KNIVES AND GUNS
AND STICKS AND
STONES AND...



A MANGLED BODY! WHY, IT'S THE
PIRATE PRINCE !! DEAD!!! JUST LIKE
I TOLD HIM -- I'D NEVER SEE HIM
ALIVE AGAIN -- TOO BAD -- HE WAS
A NICE CHAP.. SAVED MY LIFE
A WHILE AGO..

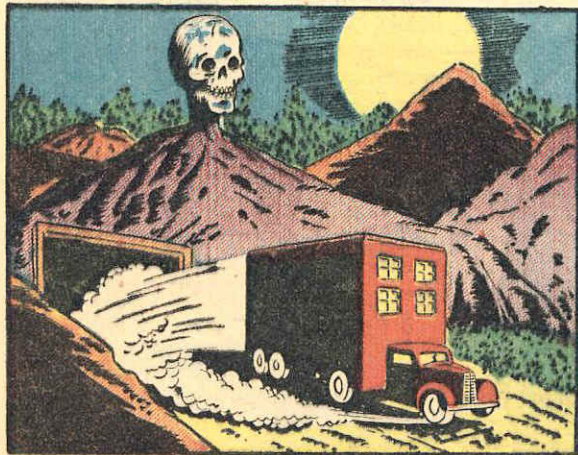


Prince, of course, recovered, but
HORRIBLE HORACE WAS VERY DEAD. HIS
MEN COULD NEVER FIND OUT JUST WHERE
THEIR LEADER DISAPPEARED TO AFTER
THEY KILLED THE "PIRATE PRINCE."

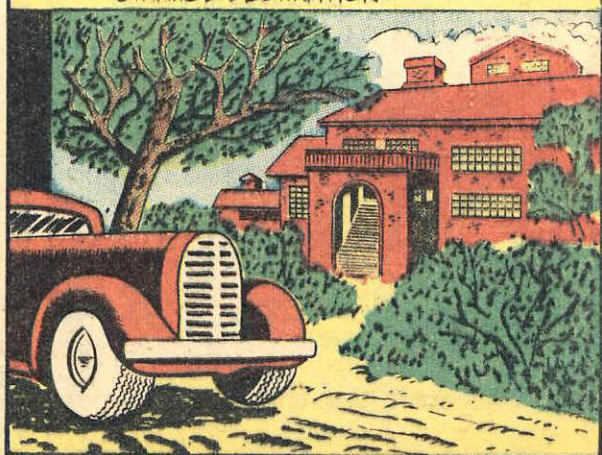
THE CLAW

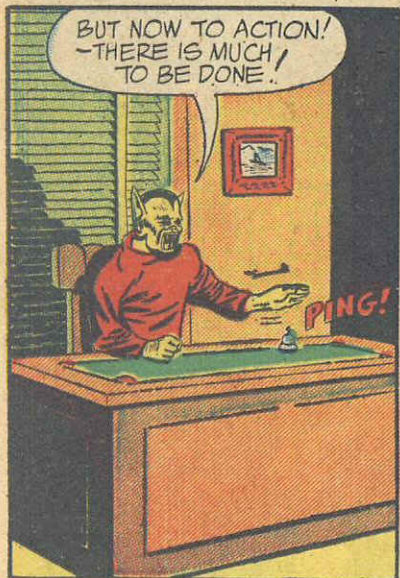
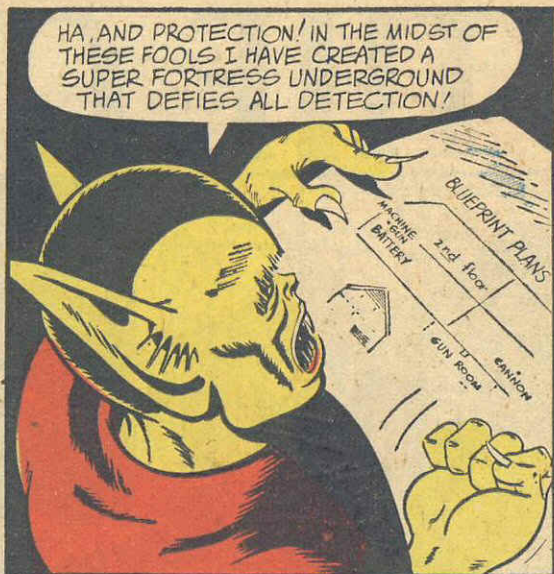
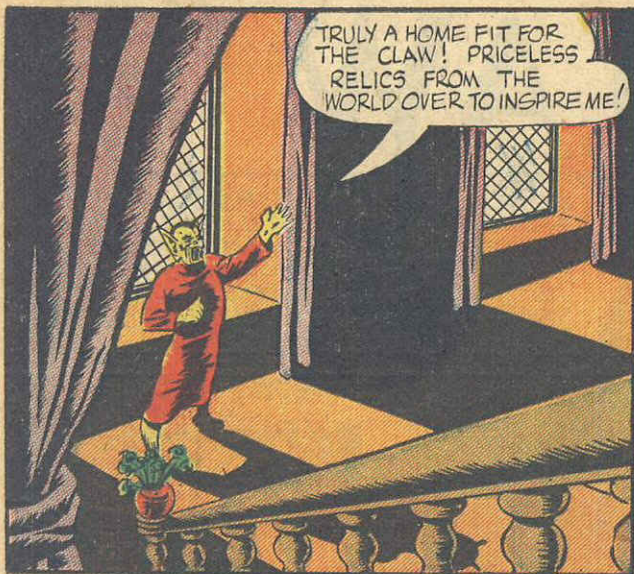


That EVENING, A STRANGE TRUCK LEAVES THE CLAW'S HIDEOUT!...



...AND DAYS LATER REACHES A STRANGE DESTINATION!





LATER AT THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY!





PROFESSOR CLYDE, I BELIEVE?

WHY YES!... WHAT IS IT?



THE CLAW WISHES YOU TO PAY HIM A VISIT! KINDLY COME ALONG!

SEE HERE WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? -RELEASE ME!



CLYDE, IT IS USELESS FOR YOU TO RESIST! I HAVE THE STRENGTH OF MANY MEN THOUGH I WILL NOT HAVE TO USE IT!

OW-W! YOU'RE MAD!



HA, NOT MAD AT ALL, PROFESSOR! -YOU'LL FIND THIS OFFICER QUITE AGREES WITH ME!

THANK HEAVENS, POLICE!



THIS MAN!... HE'S ATTEMPTING TO TAKE ME TO THE CLAW AND...

I'M SORRY, I'M DOCTOR KENTWELL... AND THIS... ER... PATIENT OF MINE HAS JUST RUN OFF! I'M TRYING TO RETURN HIM!

SURE NOW- AND GIVE ME SOME PROOF!



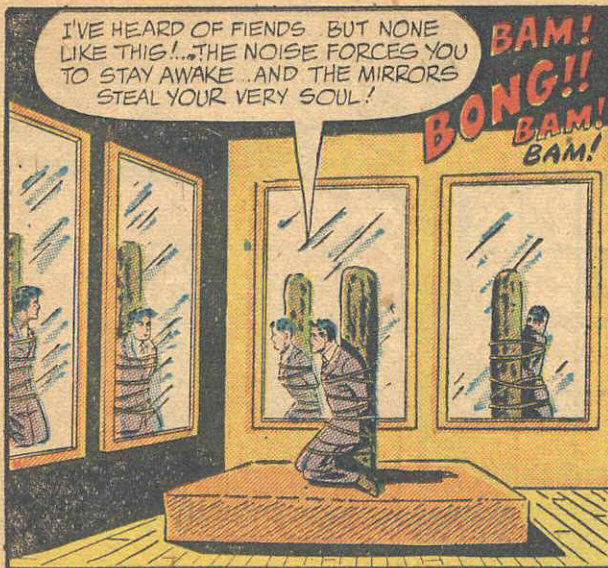
MR. HATLO HERE BELIEVES HE IS SOME PROFESSOR! -A DIFFICULT CASE!

BELIEVES!! OFFICER, I HAPPEN TO BE PROFESSOR CLYDE OF THE INSTITUTE HERE! THIS MAN IS ATTEMPTING TO ABDUCT ME!



HERE ARE MY CREDENTIALS! -THEY WILL PROVE MY CASE IN THIS FANTASTIC AFFAIR!





I'VE HEARD OF FIENDS BUT NONE LIKE THIS!...THE NOISE FORCES YOU TO STAY AWAKE...AND THE MIRRORS STEAL YOUR VERY SOUL!

BAM!
BONG!!
BAM!
BAM!



I CAN'T TAKE MUCH MORE OF THIS! MY MIND WILL GO AND THEN I'LL BE A SERVANT TO HIS WILL!...HE'LL LEARN THE SECRET ANYWAY!

BAM!
BANG!

BANG!
BONG!
BAM!



HOURS PASS!
THOSE FACES! THOUSANDS OF THEM! ALL MINE! OH, NO, NO, NO! I CAN'T STAND IT!

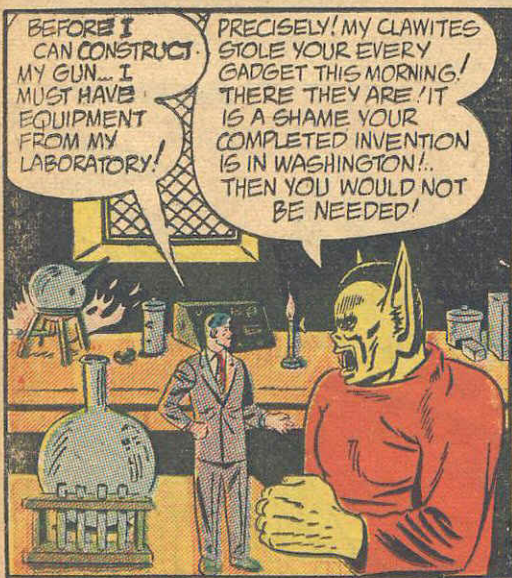


THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO...GET OUT OF THIS PLACE! PROMISE TO TELL, THEN K-KILL M-MYSELF!



MASTER, MASTER! THE LEARNED ONE WILL SPEAK NOW! HE IS BEATEN!

ZOUNDS!
BRING HIM HERE!



BEFORE I CAN CONSTRUCT MY GUN... I MUST HAVE EQUIPMENT FROM MY LABORATORY!

PRECISELY! MY CLAWITES STOLE YOUR EVERY GADGET THIS MORNING! THERE THEY ARE! IT IS A SHAME YOUR COMPLETED INVENTION IS IN WASHINGTON!.. THEN YOU WOULD NOT BE NEEDED!



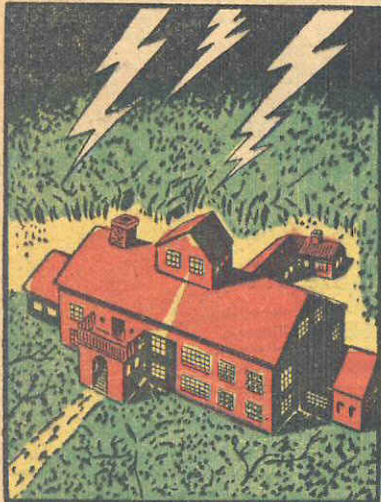
THERE IS ONLY ONE MORE THING, MY INVENTING FOOL...



DO NOT ATTEMPT TO KILL YOURSELF FOR AN EXPERT SURGEON IS ON DUTY! HE WILL PATCH UP WHATEVER DAMAGE YOU DO AND THEN I SHALL INFLICT MY OWN TORTURE! YOU SEE I

HAVE COVERED EVERY POSSIBLE AVENUE OF ESCAPE!

FAR INTO THE NIGHT, PROFESSOR CLYDE STRUGGLES WITH THE DESPERATE SITUATION!



I'M HOPELESSLY TRAPPED!
-UNLESS I CAN PRODUCE BY
MORNING HE'LL PUT ME BACK
INTO THAT INFERNAL MIRROR
ROOM AND DRAG IT OUT
OF MY CRAZED MIND!



IF ONLY ONE OF THOSE
LIGHTNING BOLTS WOULD
CRACK THIS DEVIL'S LAIR
APART... SAY!...



GREAT JOVE!... IT MIGHT WORK!
THESE RODS CAN ATTRACT LIGHTNING FOR
YARDS! WITH LUCK I CAN SMASH THIS
PLACE WIDE OPEN!



I'VE GOT TO HAVE THAT
WINDOW OPEN FOR MY TEST!
-YOU CAN GUARD ME FROM
JUMPING OUT, BUT OPEN IT!

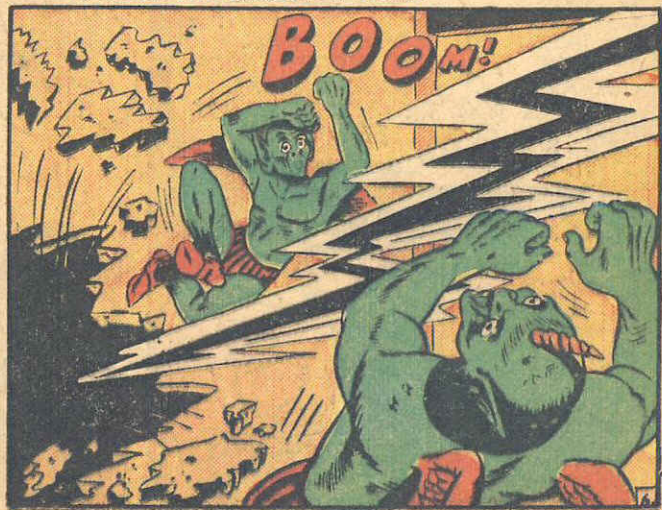
CAN
NOT
HURT!

WE
STAND IN
FRONT OF
WINDOW!



NOW TO STALL... IF A BOLT
COMES THROUGH IT WILL KNOCK
THOSE TWO LOONS THROUGH
THE WALL!

The FIERCE ELECTRICAL STORM MOVES
CLOSER AND CLOSER... THEN!...



BOOM!





HAVE A WASH! YOU FILTHY BEASTS!

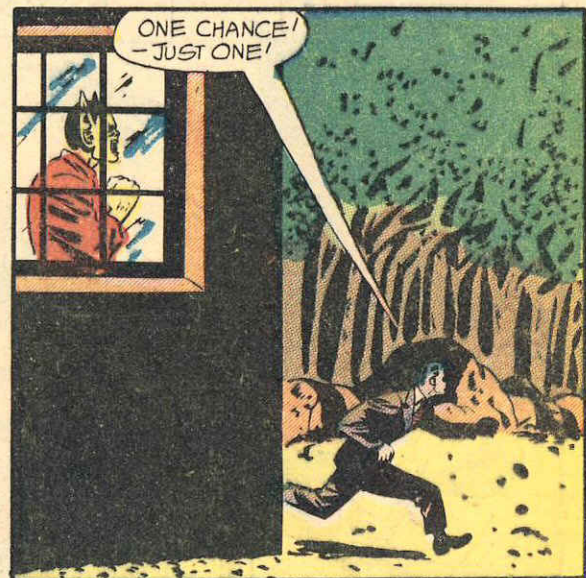
SPLASH!



YOU'LL SUFFER A THOUSAND TORTURES FOR THIS!



STUPID SWINE! THERE IS NO ESCAPE!



ONE CHANCE! - JUST ONE!



IMBECILES! DOGS - WHICH WAY DID HE GO? SPREAD OUT AND HUNT HIM DOWN!



BUT LATER

GOSH, MISTER, WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU? WHEW !!!

THAT HOUSE OF MIRRORS - IT'S STILL WHIRLING AROUND IN MY BRAINS! I..I.. CAN'T THINK!

UNFORTUNATELY, PROFESSOR CLYDE - THE CLAW HAS STOLEN YOUR MIND AND YOU'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO INFORM THE PROPER AUTHORITIES OF HIS WHEREABOUTS. **EXTRA!!** THE YEAR'S BIGGEST SURPRISE AWAITS YOU IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF **DAREDEVIL** ON THESE VERY PAGES!

A REAL CHAMP

By DICK WOOD

CRIMEBUSTER and Squeeks walked across the wide hilly terrain of the Elmont golf and tennis club. At the top of a large sand dune *Crimebuster* suddenly stopped.

"Suffering cats," he exclaimed. "Look at the activity up at the club house. I thought since the war this place had been practically given over to farming."

Quickening their pace, America's ace crime-cracker and his pet monkey reached the club house and mingled with a dozen others all attired in tennis clothes and swinging their tennis rackets. An old, round-faced man popped out from a bustle of men near the water fountain and slapped *Crimebuster* on the back.

"*Crimebuster!* What the devil are you doing here?"

"Hello, Pop," *Crimebuster* grinned. "I'm just taking a few days off, but tell me . . . what goes on up here?"

Pop frowned. "It's a tennis tournament. We're running it early this season for the war bond drive, and also for some of the fellers to play before they go into the army. But things aren't going so well," he added slowly. At this moment a tall, surly appearing young man brushed past them and old Pop frowned deeper. He turned suddenly and motioned *Crimebuster* toward the back.

"C'mon in my back room," he said, "I'll give you the sad story."

Pop put his feet up on the desk and began chewing a large black cigar.

"It all started when Charlie Webster, the millionaire, offered a five thousand dollar war bond to the winner of the tennis tournament if we'd run one. Guess he figured there weren't

many young men left in Elmont and he wanted to see them have a little fun before they went into the army."

"I always believed Webster had a soft heart underneath that tough face of his," *Crimebuster* cut in.

"That he has," replied old Pop. "But he's a stickler for detail and I've seen him argue over five cents for an hour . . . but now let me get on with the story. Well the five grand war bond was fine and jake with us and it meant that Elmont stood to win the county high bond sale without any trouble at all. We were all very happy 'cause we've been shooting for that county title for months. Then just as we're all celebrating who should pop up but Larry Barton."

"Barton, the tennis champ?"

"That's right, *Crimebuster*, but he's more of a chump than a champ. You see the county officials don't register any bond sales in the contest unless the purchaser signs a statement promising that he won't cash them in until the war ends. Already Barton is talking about the fun he's gonna have with the money. It's a cinch, no one in Elmont can beat Barton, so it means he wins the bond, refuses to sign the paper and Elmont loses the county championship."

"That's quite a mess," said *Crimebuster*. "Are you sure Barton won't consent to sign the paper, after all he's a resident of Elmont too?"

"That's just it. Even though he hasn't been here for years, it's his legal home. Otherwise I'd throw him out of the match. He won't sign anything and the big lug came half way across the country when he got wind of this just to pick up that big bond. I wouldn't mind him winning, rat that he is, if he'd be decent

and not turn it in. No sense folks making believe they're patriotic and buying bonds just to cash 'em in when other folks' backs are turned."

Crimebuster's eyes narrowed. "Pop," he said, "your tourney's just starting, sign me in, and put me on the opposite side of the draw from Barton. I'm no tennis champ, but maybe I can give the chump a fight."

Two days later *Crimebuster* stepped out on the championship court at the Elmont country club. He had spent a hard two days beating four opponents to reach the finals, and Barton. Now for the first time he was nervous. He hadn't played tennis seriously for months and a system of steadiness had pulled him past the other run of the mill players. But Barton was different. The surly, handsome athlete had beaten some of the nation's best players and he would murder any slow poke's safe and sure system that *Crimebuster* tried to use against him. Barton was a master of every shot and could drive, lob and volley with equal effectiveness. At his best after months of practice *Crimebuster* realized that the odds would be greatly against him in such a contest. But now, hardly warmed up, it might turn out to be a farce. Barton had swept through his matches casually without half trying. He hadn't begun to use the master strokes that had carried him into the tennis spotlight some years back. *Crimebuster* looked at old Pop's hopeful face on the sidelines and winced. The old man was relying on him to pull Elmont into the championship. Perhaps he should have kept his mouth shut and not gotten Pop's spirits up.

"C'mon guy," Barton smiled as *Crimebuster* reached the net. "You're all that stands between me and five thousand bucks. And what a time I'm gonna have with *that!*"

Crimebuster frowned. "Let's go," he said.

The first set breezed by quickly. *Crimebuster* was carefully placing his shots and Barton was casually blasting them back for points. It was good tennis on both sides, but Barton was the master and *Crimebuster* the pupil. In the second set *Crimebuster* grit his teeth and began putting more punch into his shots. Vicious forehand drives ripped down Barton's alley, but the graceful artist of the courts seemed to be here, there and everywhere. His racket would flick out like a striking snake and push back defensively what he couldn't

slam home for a point. The sweat was pouring from America's ace youth of action now. He struggled desperately for each point, but the smiling, taunting face of Barton's was always there across the net laughing at his efforts.

The games were 3 to 1 for Barton in the second and last set when it happened. *Crimebuster* had just taken his service stance when he glanced over at old Pop. What he saw there turned his throat into a hard ball. The old man's eyes were wide and watery and it wasn't from the crisp spring air. For the first time anger welled up inside him. It wasn't right that one youth gifted with athletic ability should take advantage of a home town situation and break an old man's heart. Pop had fought too hard to put Elmont over the top not to get a square deal. *Crimebuster's* arm whipped through the air and sent a perfect service ace blasting past Barton. From here on it was do or die. He would have to gamble on spectacular shots and hope for the best.

In the next half hour the folk of Elmont had ringside seats to a championship tennis match. The confident smirk was gone from Barton's face now. He was fighting for his life. Using every trick in the book against a slender grim faced youth who had suddenly turned into a miniature Tilden. The second set went to *Crimebuster* 6-3. Then one, two, three, four games of the third and final set and still the master Barton couldn't stop the surge of victory. He was red faced and worried as his scorching drives and shots kept coming back with added momentum. Both players were panting from their desperate exertion now. Barton cursing, *Crimebuster* praying. Praying that this astonishing streak of skill would stick with him to the last point. Then it was there. Game, set, and match point with Barton serving. A perfect service slammed into *Crimebuster's* court and a racket flashed in the sun. A sensational backhand return mousetrapped Barton in his service corner and the game was over.

Sometime later old Pop gazed down at *Crimebuster* as he sat behind the desk signing a paper.

"G-Gosh. I can't believe it," he stuttered. "Why, Barton is one of the country's best. It's fantastic . . . how did you do it?"

Crimebuster looked up and smiled. "I didn't Pop," he said. "WE did!"

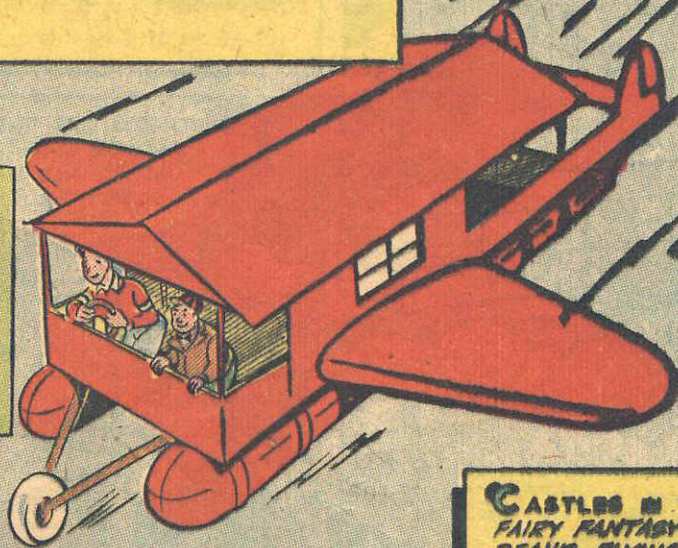
DICKIE DEAN

THE BOY INVENTOR

IS IT A TORNADO ?
IS IT A HURRICANE ?
IS IT A NIGHTMARE ?

NO!

IT'S DICKIE DEAN'S
**FLYING
BUNGALOW!!**



**CASTLES IN THE SKY... AND
FAIRY FANTASY WHEN DICKIE
DEAN'S FLYING BUNGALOW
BECOMES A REALITY... WHO
KNOWS—PERHAPS THE HOME
OF TOMORROW WILL BE A
PLAYGROUND IN THE CLOUDS!**

WELL, ZIP, THE BLUE
PRINTS ARE READY... I
CAN START WORK ON
THE FLYING BUNGALOW
TOMORROW...

JINKERS!!
THAT'S SWELL...
TELL ME MORE
ABOUT IT,
DICKIE !!

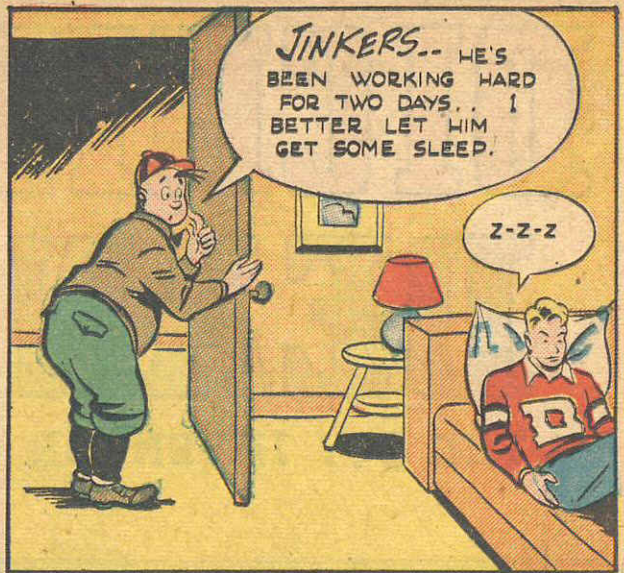
WELL... YOU SEE, MAGNETIC RAYS
LIKE ON THE SKY BUGGY ARE
GOING TO HOLD IT UP... ITS
SPEED WILL BE ABOUT ONE
HUNDRED AND FIFTY... WHICH
IS PRETTY GOOD FOR SOMETHING
THIS
SIZE !!

**GOLLY YEAH—
IT'S BIGGER
THAN A LIVING
ROOM, HUH ?**



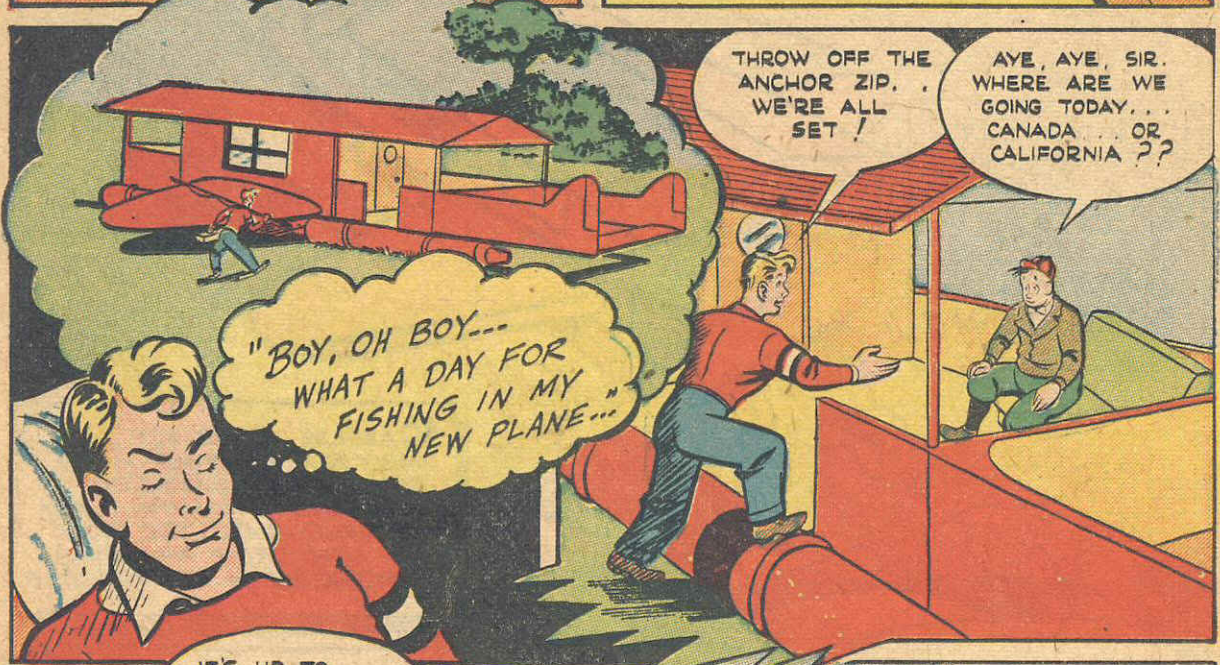


NOW... YAWN...
YOU SEE THE BUNGALOW
WILL HAVE A SUN DECK
AND... YAWN...



JINKERS... HE'S
BEEN WORKING HARD
FOR TWO DAYS... I
BETTER LET HIM
GET SOME SLEEP.

Z-Z-Z



"BOY, OH BOY...
WHAT A DAY FOR
FISHING IN MY
NEW PLANE..."

THROW OFF THE
ANCHOR ZIP.
WE'RE ALL
SET!

AYE, AYE, SIR.
WHERE ARE WE
GOING TODAY...
CANADA... OR
CALIFORNIA??

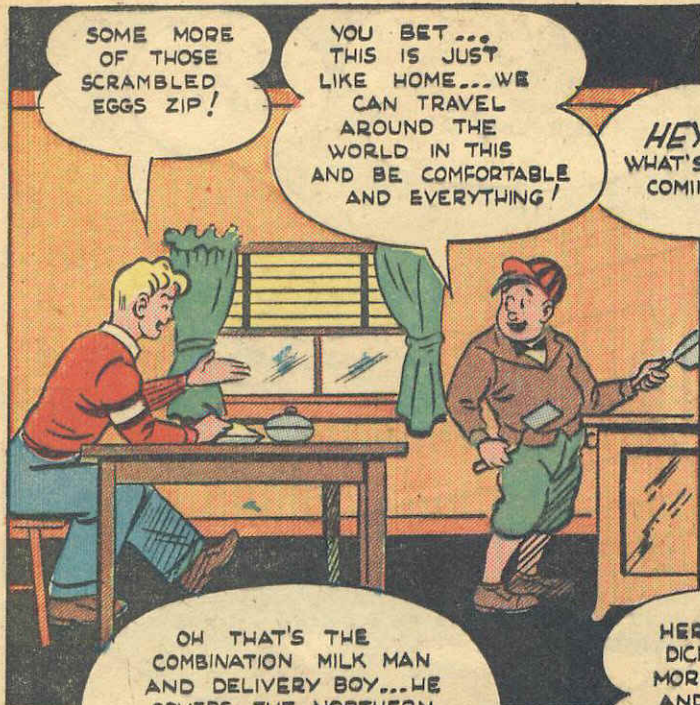
IT'S UP TO
MAINE, ZIP...
FOR SOME
TROUT FISHING
IN THE BIG NORTH
WOODS!!



HI-DIDDLE DE DEE IT'S UP TO
MAINE FOR ME

LOOK!
LOOK... IT'S
DICKIE DEAN AND
THE FLYING
BUNGALOW...

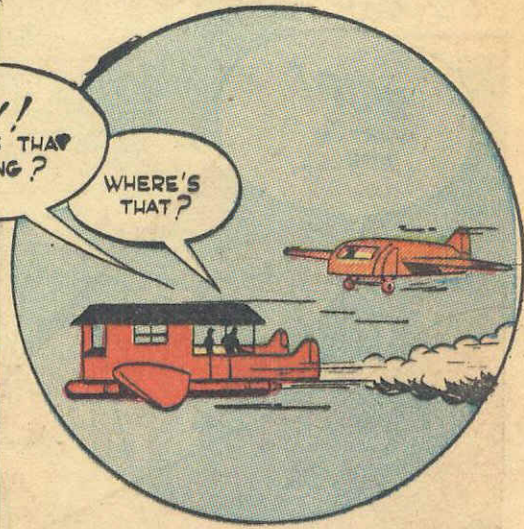
WOW!!
THEY SAY PRETTY
SOON EVERYONE
IS GOING TO
HAVE ONE OF
THOSE!!



SOME MORE OF THOSE SCRAMBLED EGGS ZIP!

YOU BET... THIS IS JUST LIKE HOME... WE CAN TRAVEL AROUND THE WORLD IN THIS AND BE COMFORTABLE AND EVERYTHING!

HEY! WHAT'S THAT COMING?

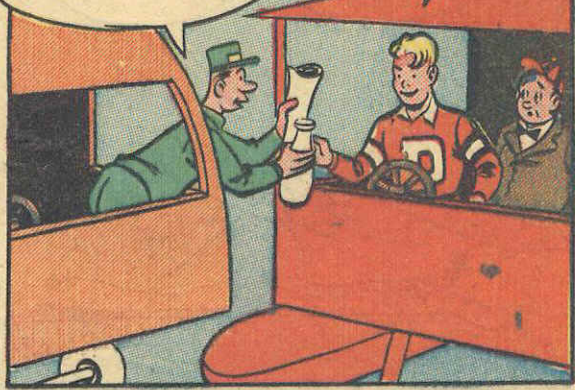
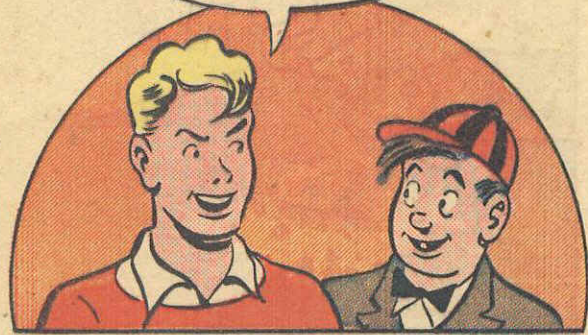


WHERE'S THAT?

OH THAT'S THE COMBINATION MILK MAN AND DELIVERY BOY... HE COVERS THE NORTHERN ROUTE AT FIVE THOUSAND FEET... WHICH IS THE ALTITUDE WE'RE FLYING AT...

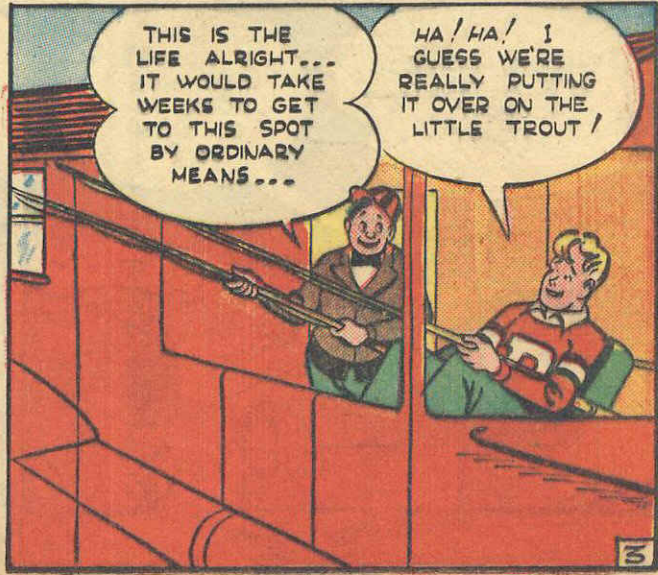
HERE YOU ARE DICKIE... YOUR MORNING PAPER AND MILK... HAVE A PLEASANT TRIP... SEE YOU ON THE WAY BACK...

YOU BET... WE'LL HAVE A TROUT FOR YOU!



THERE SHE IS... THAT'S OUR RIVER!

WOW... I'LL GET THE LINES OUT...



THIS IS THE LIFE ALRIGHT... IT WOULD TAKE WEEKS TO GET TO THIS SPOT BY ORDINARY MEANS...

HA! HA! I GUESS WE'RE REALLY PUTTING IT OVER ON THE LITTLE TROUT!

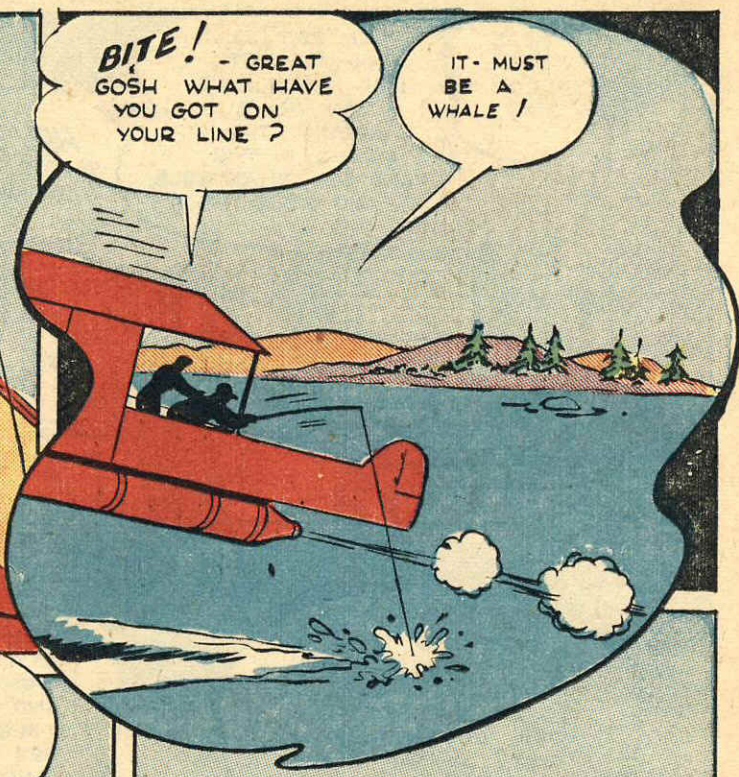
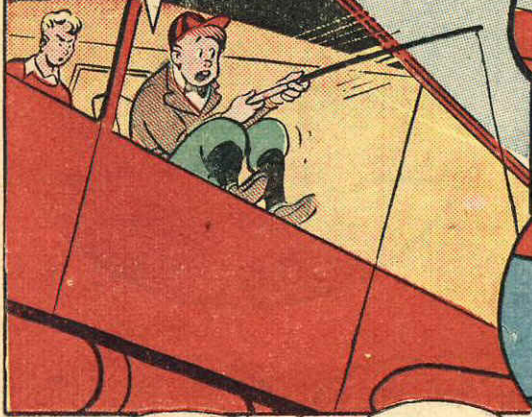
SUDDENLY...

WUP!

WHAT A BITE...

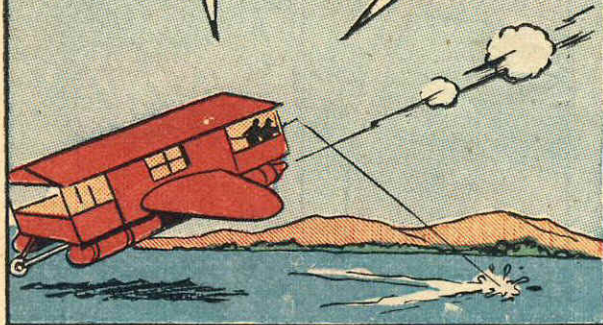
BITE! - GREAT GOSH WHAT HAVE YOU GOT ON YOUR LINE?

IT MUST BE A WHALE!



GULP... WE CAN'T STOP IT!

W-WERE GOING INTO THE RIVER!

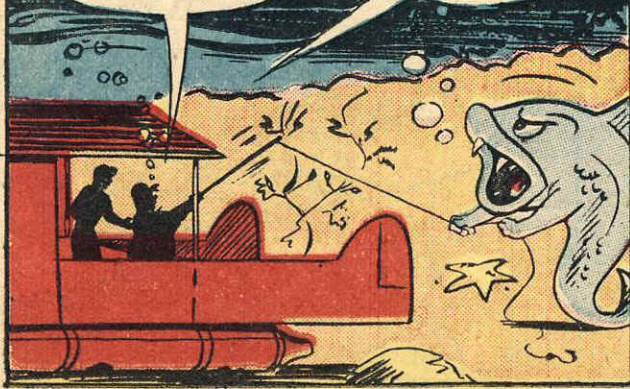


CRASH!



LOOK, DICKIE... IT'S A TROUT... A GIANT... TROUT!

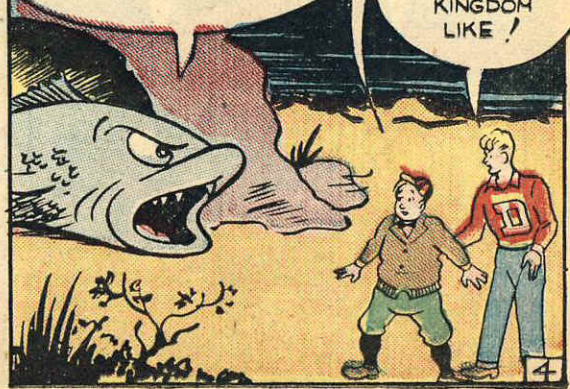
I WONDER WHAT HE'S GOING TO DO WITH US?

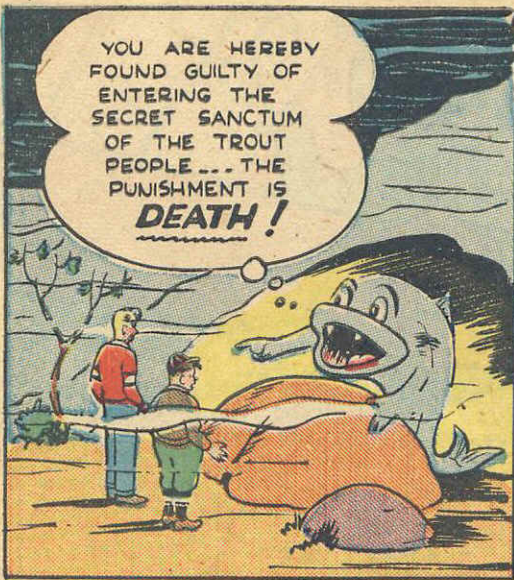


DICKIE DEAN AND ZIP TODD... STEP INTO THE CHAMBER OF THE TROUT MASTERS! YOU ARE ON TRIAL!

BUT WHAT HAVE WE DONE?

GEE, IT'S A REGULAR UNDER WATER KINGDOM LIKE!





YOU ARE HEREBY FOUND GUILTY OF ENTERING THE SECRET SANCTUM OF THE TROUT PEOPLE... THE PUNISHMENT IS **DEATH!**



ZIP...WE'VE GOT TO MAKE A BREAK FOR OUR SKY BUNGALOW READY... ONE... **TWO...**

GULP!



THREE!

OOF



MADE IT... NOW WE'LL GET OUT OF THIS RIVER IN A HURRY...

S~ FUNNY HOW THE PLANE WORKS IN WATER!

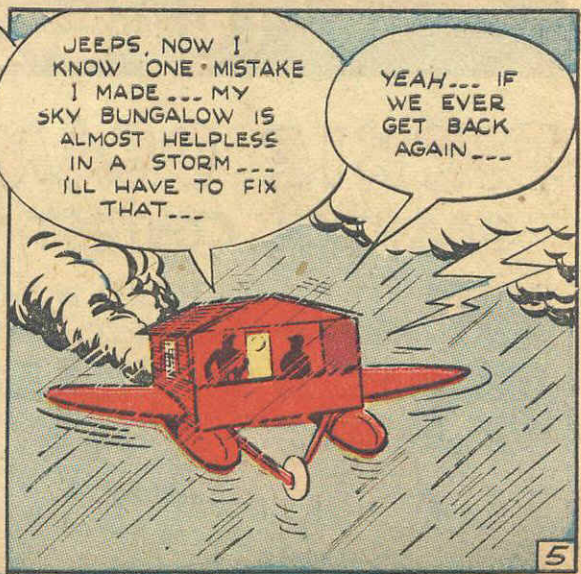


NOW... WE ESCAPED... HE CAN'T REACH US NOW...

NO... BUT WE'RE FLYING RIGHT INTO A THUNDER STORM... A BAD ONE...

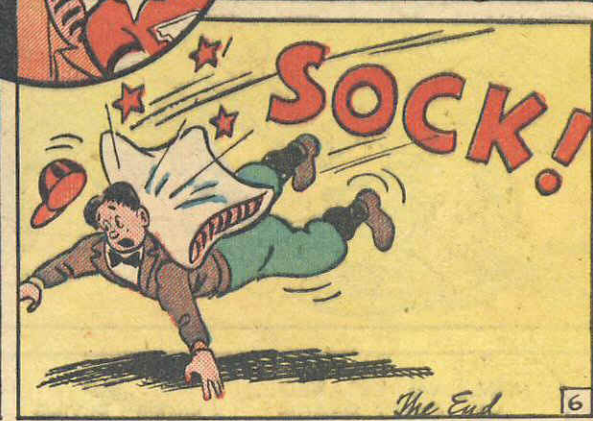
SWISH!

SNAP!



JEEPS, NOW I KNOW ONE MISTAKE I MADE... MY SKY BUNGALOW IS ALMOST HELPLESS IN A STORM... I'LL HAVE TO FIX THAT...

YEAH... IF WE EVER GET BACK AGAIN...



DICKIE DEAN INVENTION CONTEST

PRIZES TO BE ANNOUNCED IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF *DAREDEVIL COMICS!*
YOUR INVENTION MAY **WIN A PRIZE!**

SEND YOUR INVENTION TO DICKIE DEAN - CARE OF MAGAZINE HOUSE
114 E. 32ND ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. ZONE 16

DICKIE DEAN'S LATEST INVENTION



SNIFFER

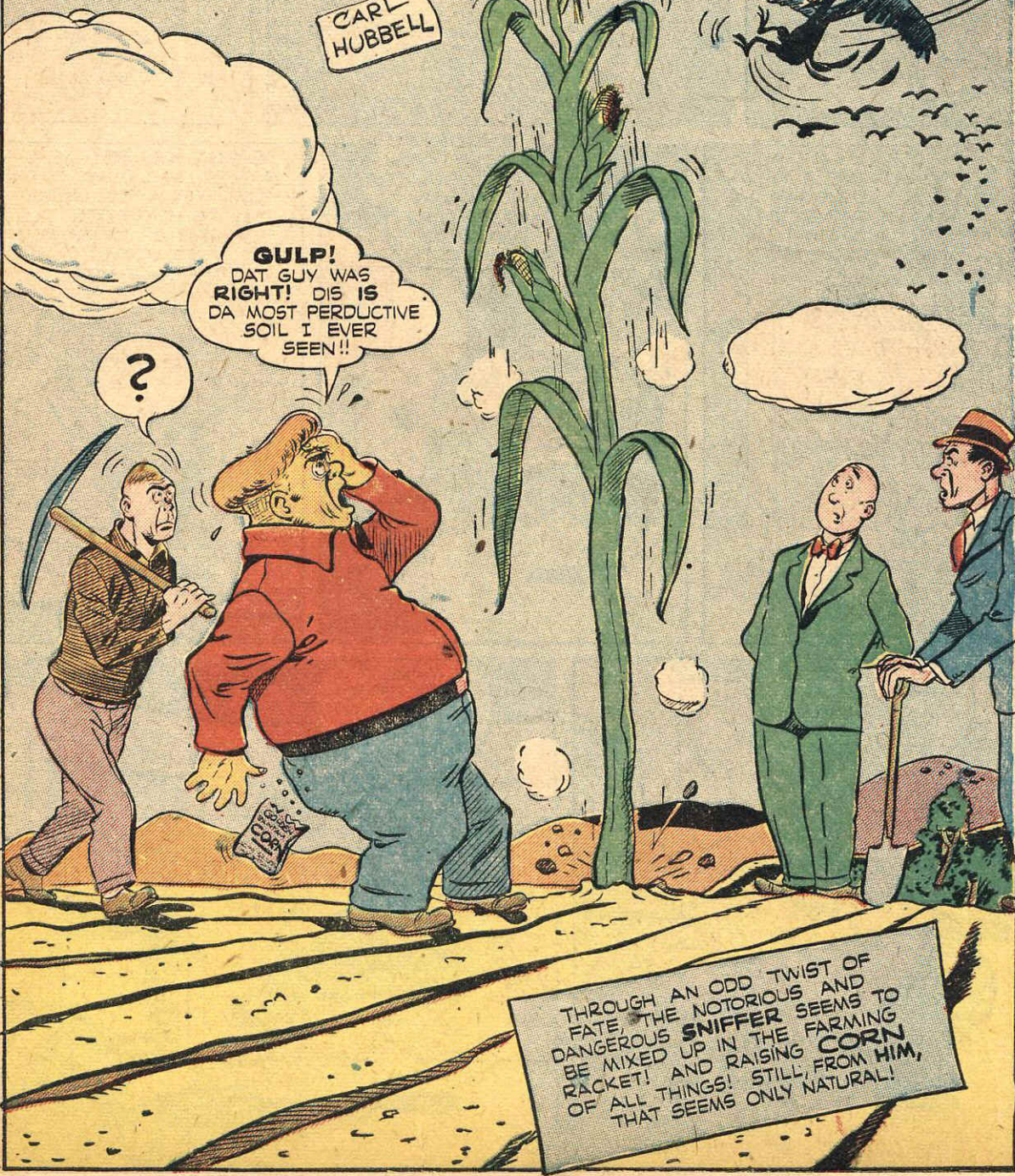
CARL HUBBELL

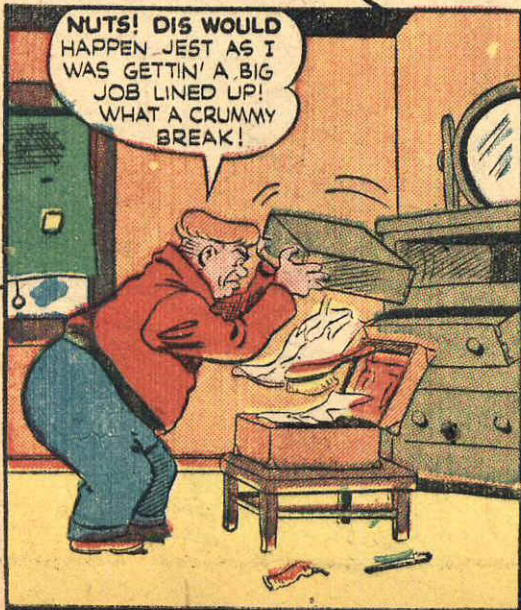
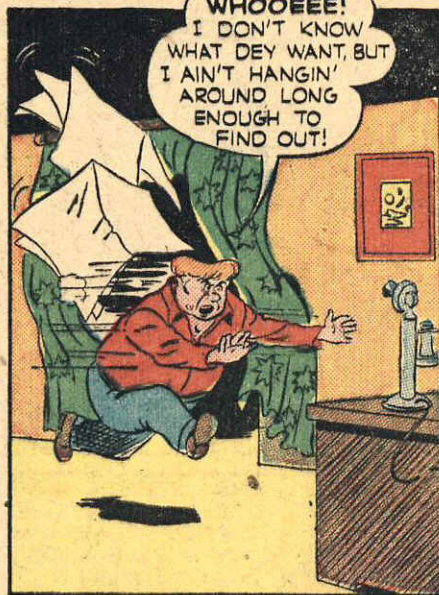
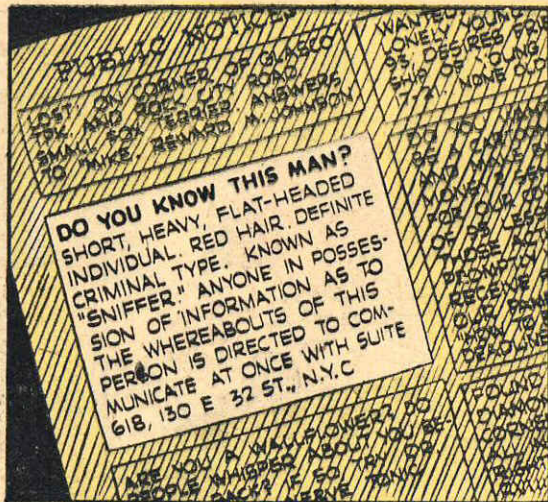
AWK!

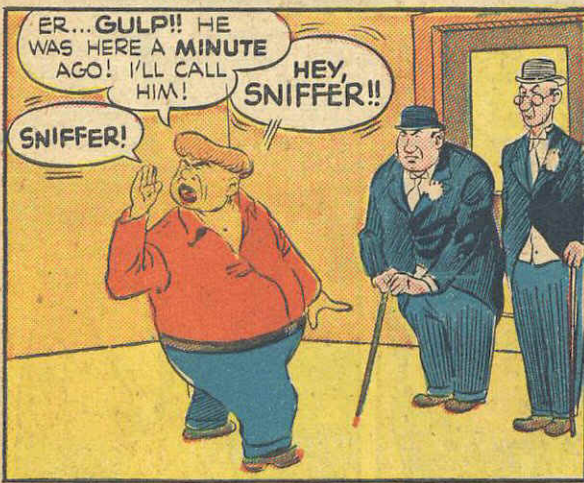
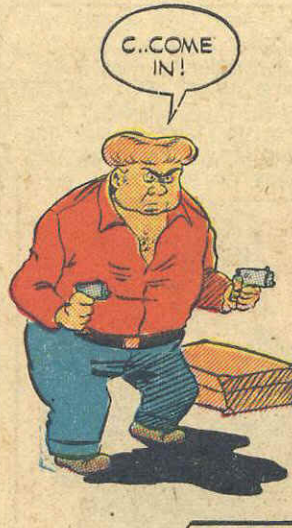
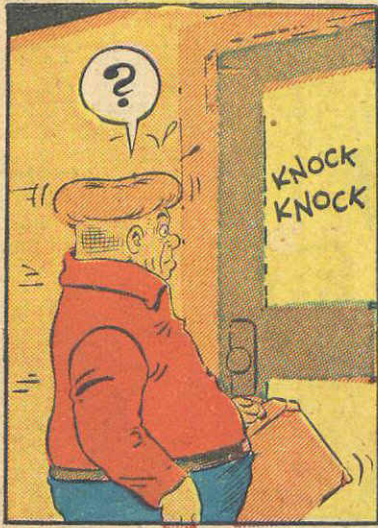
GULP!
DAT GUY WAS
RIGHT! DIS IS
DA MOST PERDUCTIVE
SOIL I EVER
SEEN!!

?

THROUGH AN ODD TWIST OF
FATE, THE NOTORIOUS AND
DANGEROUS **SNIFFER** SEEMS TO
BE MIXED UP IN THE FARMING
RACKET! AND RAISING **CORN**
OF ALL THINGS! STILL, FROM HIM,
THAT SEEMS ONLY NATURAL!







YOU, SIR, HAVE INHERITED THE VAST COUNTRY ESTATE OF THE LATE WEALTHY BUT ECCENTRIC AMOS G. STONEFELLER, THE FAMOUS WALL STREET TYCOON!

HOW'D HE HAPPEN TO LEAVE IT TO ME?



MR. STONEFELLER'S HOBBY WAS **CRIMINOLOGY** AND THE STUDY OF THE SUBNORMAL MINDS OF **CRIMINALS** AND OTHER MISGUIDED TYPES! NATURALLY, HE FELT INDEBTED TO YOU FOR HAVING PROVIDED THE **MOST FASCINATING SOURCE OF MATERIAL!**



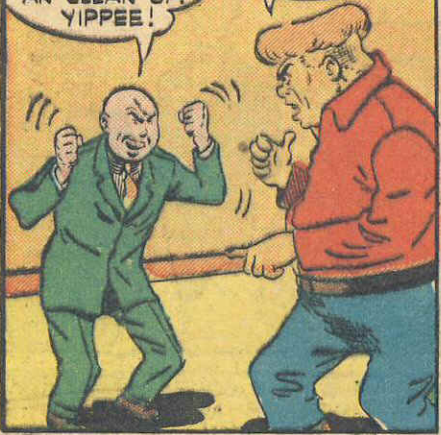
ALWAYS GLAD TO OBLIGE! TELL ME SOMETHIN' ABOUT DIS DUMP!

THE SOIL IS **EXTREMELY FERTILE** AND PRODUCTIVE. IN FACT, WHEN YOU PUT THE SEEDS IN, YOU HAVE TO JUMP BACK TO AVOID BEING **KNOCKED DOWN** BY THE PLANTS!



WHAT A SET-UP!! WE'LL OPEN UP A **BLACK MARKET** AN' **CLEAN UP!** YIPPEE!

WHY, YOU DUMB JERK! I NEVER HOID SUCH UNPATRIOTIC TALK!



WE'RE GONNA BE **PATRIOTIC**, SEE? SURE, WE'LL OPEN A **BLACK MARKET!** BUT WE'LL ONLY SELL TO DA **GOVAMENT**, SEE?



(GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT A CHARACTER.) WELL, WE MUST BE **RUNNING ALONG!** HERE ARE THE KEYS AND THE DEED TO THE ESTATE!

T'ANKS! HOW DID YOUSE GUYS LOCATE ME, ANYHOW?

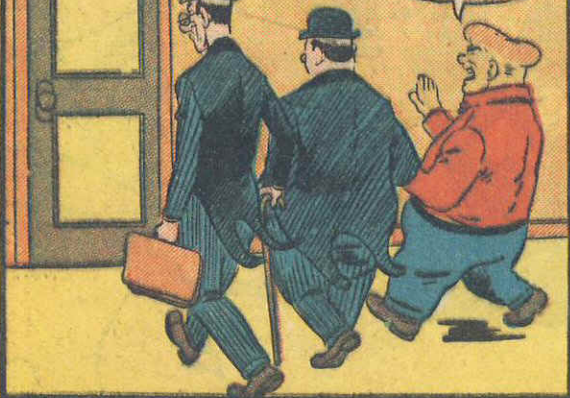


A CERTAIN MR.-AH-SNITCH MCCARTHY ADVISED US WE COULD FIND YOU HERE!

HE CHARGED US QUITE A STIFF FEE! **FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS!**

GOOD OLD SNITCHY!

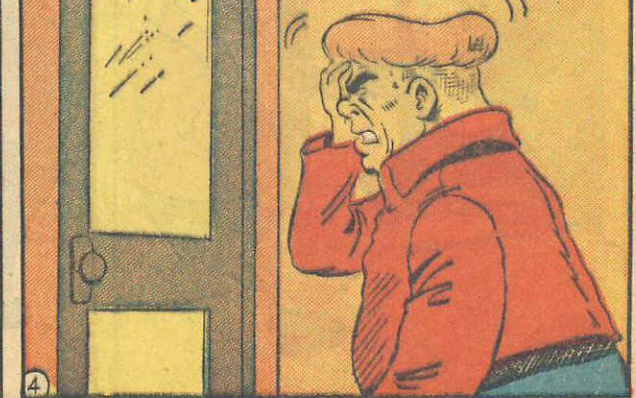
WELL, DAT'S SNITCH FOR YA! HE ALWAYS DID HAVE A GOOD BUSINESS HEAD! HA, HA, HA!

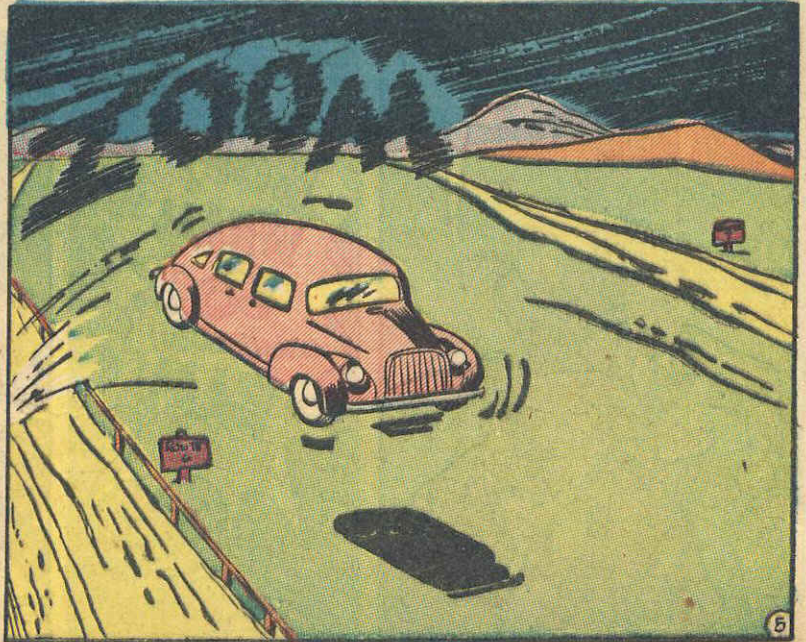
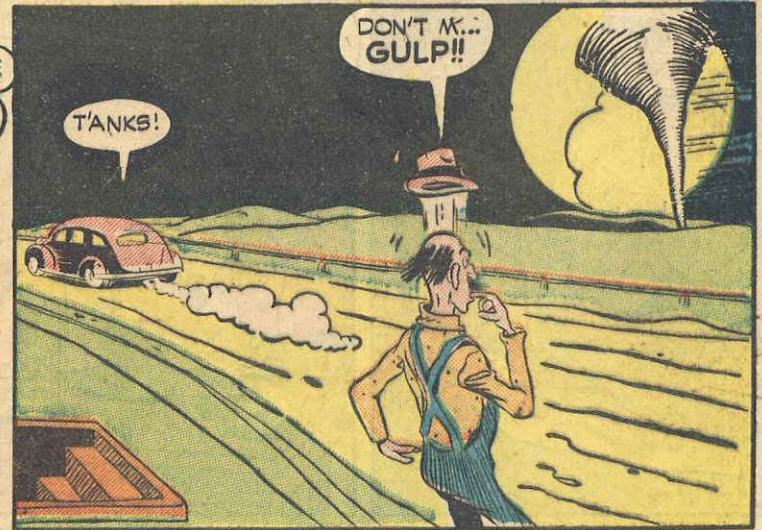
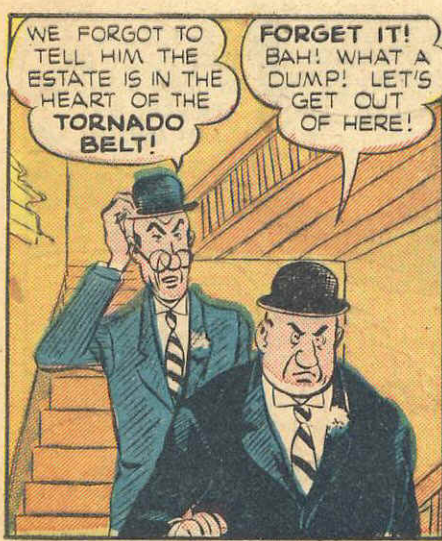


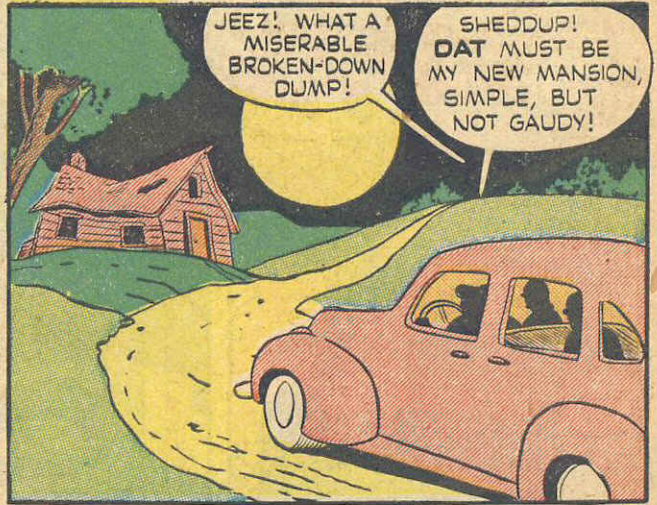
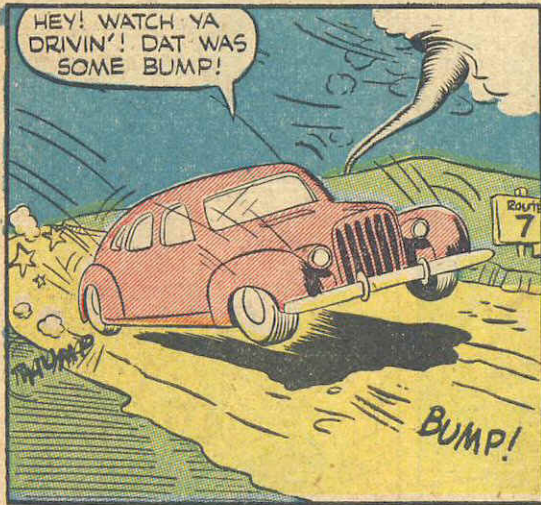
GLAD YOU FEEL THAT WAY ABOUT IT! NATURALLY, WE PAID HIM OUT OF YOUR ESTATE! GOOD DAY!

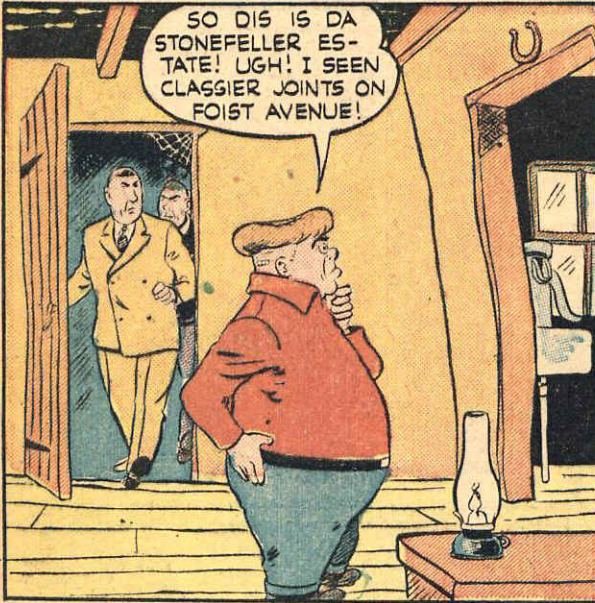
FIVE HUNDRED BUCKS? OUCH! TH' DIRTY CROOK!

SLAM!



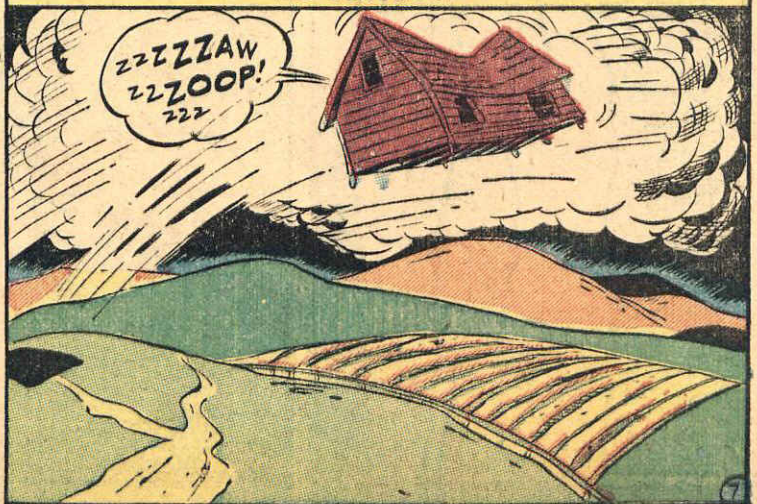
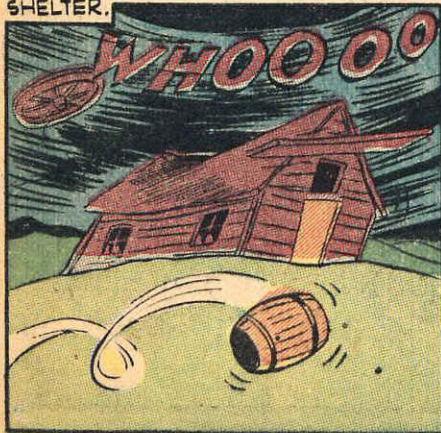


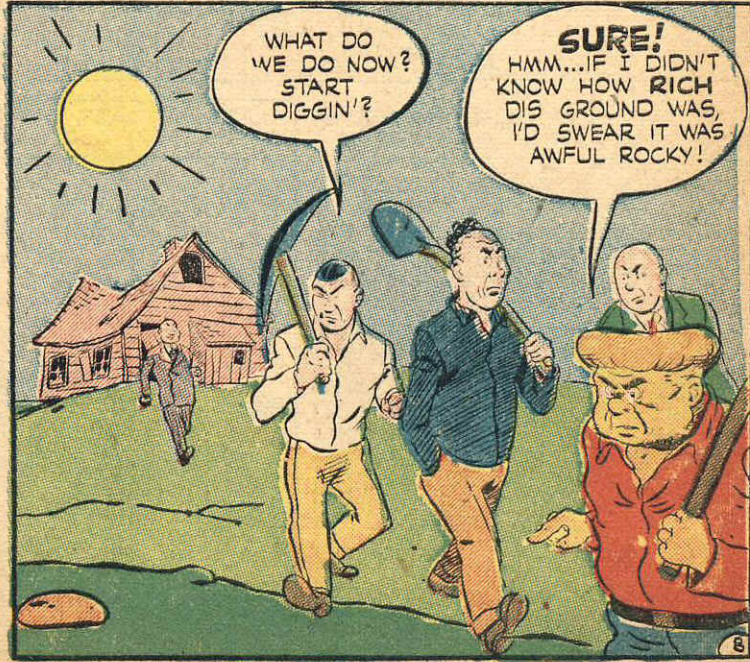
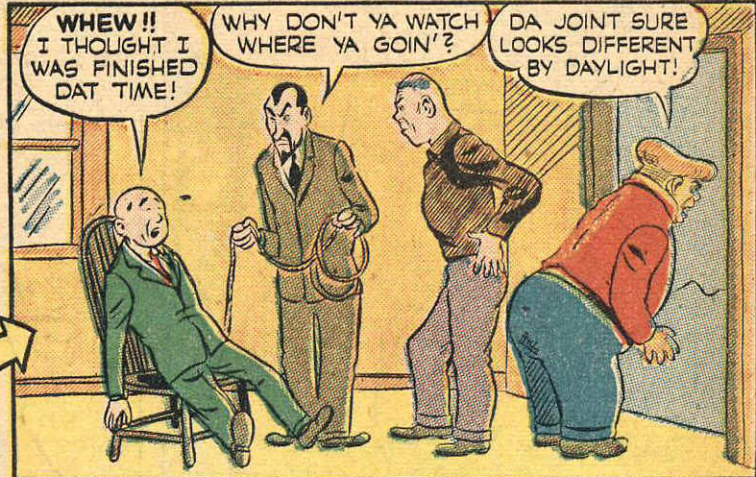
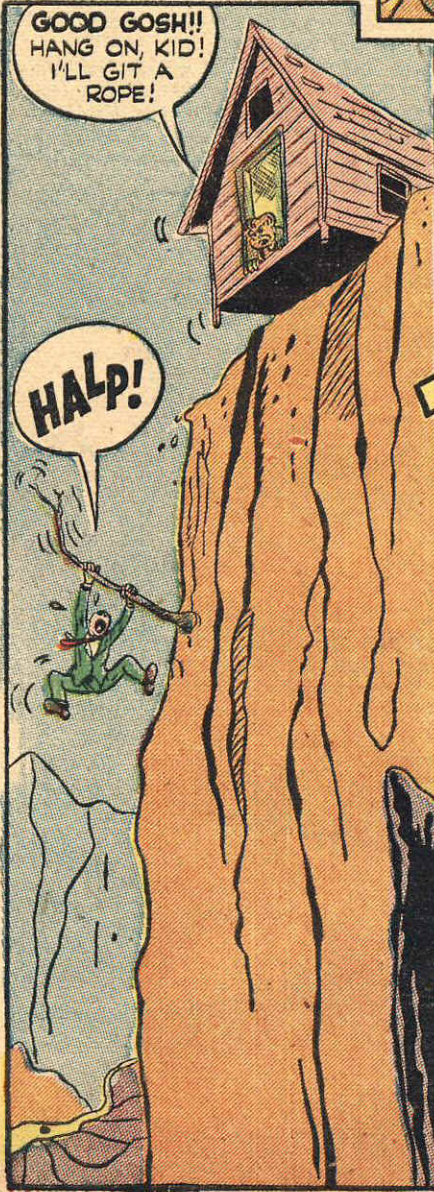
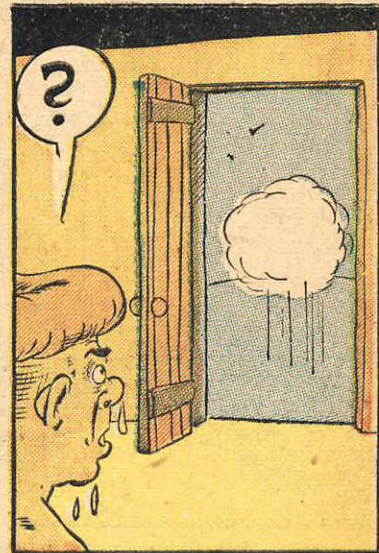
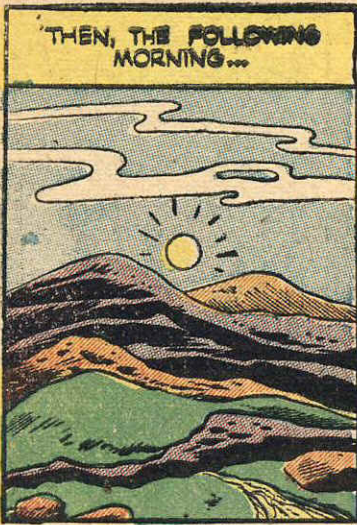


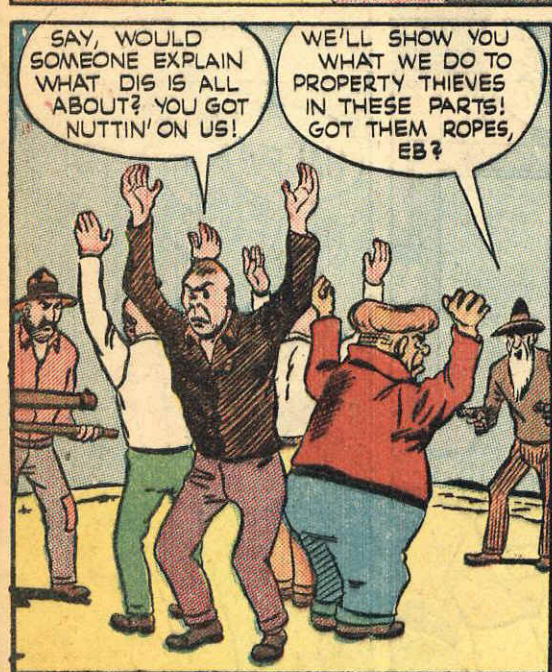
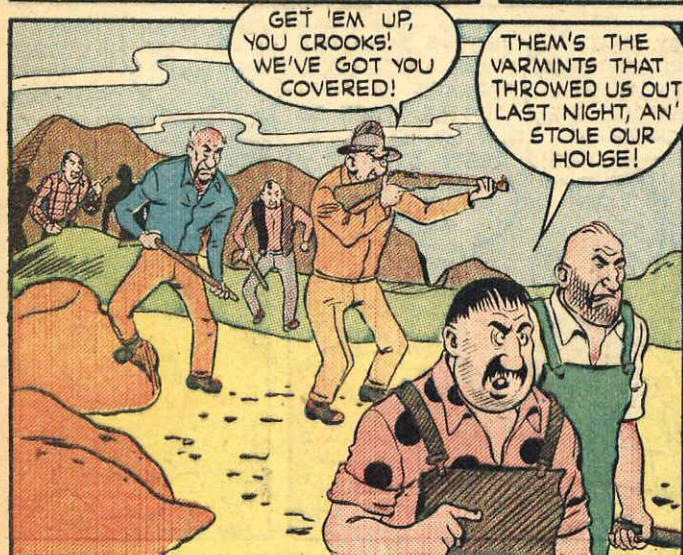
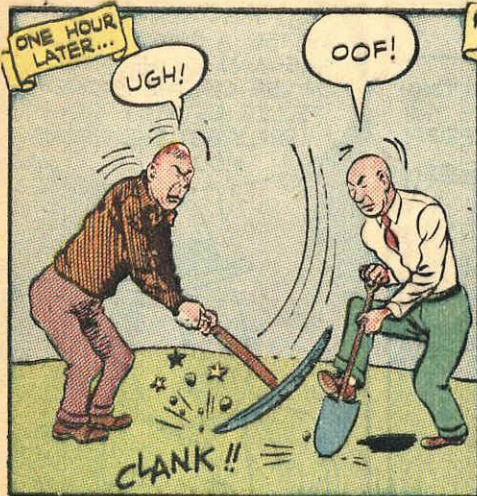


WHILE THE DEADLY DOZEN, FATIGUED BY THEIR LONG JOURNEY, SLIPS GENTLY INTO THE ARMS OF MORPHEUS THE WIND, RISING TO NEW HEIGHTS, TUGS WITH INCREASING FURY AT THEIR SHELTER.

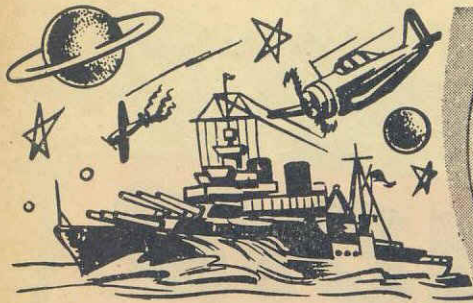
UNTIL, AT LAST, THE ROTTING FOUNDATIONS CAN RESIST NO LONGER...











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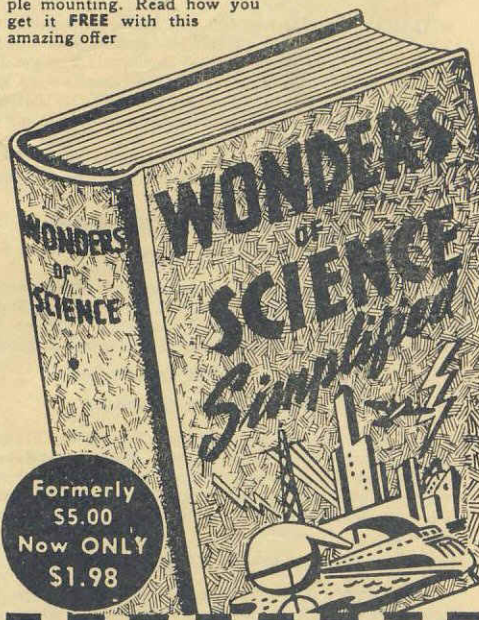
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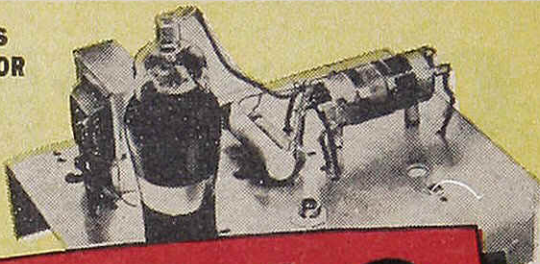
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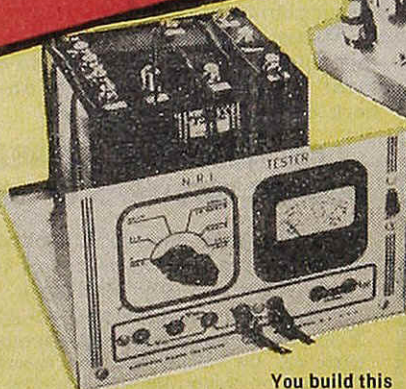
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